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THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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JAMES STEPHENS.

Graphic Sketch of the Remarkable Career of the Famous Founder of the Fenian Brotherhood

Wounds, Imprisonment, Outlawry, Exile and Expulsion Have Not Crushed the Spirit of the Hero.

I do not purpose in this necessarily brief paper to write anything like a biography of Mr. James Stephens. In fact such a biography, if penned, would be in a certain sense a work of supererogation, as the chief incidents in Stephens' career form part and parcel of Ireland's modern historical annals. What I propose dwelling on here are those events in his life not perhaps known to the general public, combined with certain impressions I formed of the man during a several years' unbroken friendship. Few men have been more misunderstood or misinterpeted by Irish and English press men of a generation ago as was the founder of Fenianism. Until he started the *Irish People* newspaper as the official or semi-official organ of the movement which he had established, James Stephens and his lieutenants were tabooed and held up to universal reprobation by broadsheets of every clique and hue. The mysterious leader of the revolutionary conspiracy was referred to as a fiend incarnate, an Irish Red Shirt of the bloodiest type, and a boor and an ignoramus to boot. The very title of the "Fenian Head Centre," by which he was known, was enough to throw these scribes into fits of hysterical convulsions and send an agonizing thrill down their spines, for they feared the man as well as they detested him. And yet their pen and ink caricatures were as far removed from the truth as truth is from falsehood, for James Stephens had the heart and the instincts of a humanitarian, the grace and manners of a gentleman, and the mental training and intellect of a scholar; and if he did enter the political arena, it was with the same noble resolve that animated Davel and Washington, Kosciusko and Kossuth, and for the same object that these heroes fought and toiled or struggled to attain. In other words he ambitioned to free his country by the subtle arguments of steel and of shot. If that be a crime, then the greatest of the world's benefactors have been criminals.

STEPHENS' MOCK BURIAL.

Stephens often spoke to me of his connection with the rising of '48. He expressed a deep admiration for Smith O'Brien as a man of honor and integrity "As a commander of the rebel forces," said Stephens, "he was, however, too scrupulously chivalrous to be effective, for he preferred to see his followers suffer severe privations rather than have them billet in the homes of the Tipperary gentry. Nevertheless he was the very soul of bravery, and fought until the last hope had vanished. Defeat was as bitter as gall to his proud Celtic spirit, and when disaster fell upon us, his only consolation lay in the possibility of a stray English bullet taking him off. With this object in view he courted death rather than be taken prisoner by the English, but death would have none of him just then." Stephens, Doheny and O'Mahony, more fortunate than O'Brien, Meagher and McManus, escaped the clutches of the enemy, and managed to evade his vigilance with ultimate success. The fact of Stephens having been wounded at Ballingarry was chronicled in the public prints of the time; and the young man's friends and sympathizers, in his native city of Kilkenny, wishing to facilitate his escape from the country, began to circulate a rumor that he had died from the loss of blood. They had his supposed remains removed from Tipperary in a coffin, and transferred to the confederate city where he had a "magnificent funeral," and where he was duly buried under the shadow of the Cathedral spire of St. Canice. The local newspapers had sympathetic obituaries dwelling on the good qualities of the "deceased," who was a juvenile of much promise, "but who, unfortunately, in an evil hour, joined the unholy ranks of the social disturbers of his country." It was partly owing to the belief of the authorities in his death that Stephens managed to put the channel streak between himself and the British lion, and land safely on the soil of France.

ON THE BARRICADES.

Stephens' life in Paris from '48 to '56 was that of a student and Bohemian. His first step on reaching the French capital was, of course, to keep the wolf from the door. This he was with some difficulty enabled to do by giving English lessons, and subsequently by translating English novels into French. He became during his spare hours an omniverous reader. Having intellectual tastes of a broad and comprehensive order he devoured everything in the shape of literary pabulum from "Bacon's Essays" and "Locke on Reason," to Dumas' novels and De Musset's love idyls. He moreover applied himself most assiduously to the study of the French, German, and Italian languages, and soon became proficient in them all. The war horse within him, however, sniffed battle from afar. It was a troubled time in Paris. Louis Bonaparte, the then president of the French Republic, was meditating a *coup d'etat*, and ambitioning a scepter. When at last the Corsican's nephew had himself proclaimed Emperor, and sent out his troops to crush under foot all resistance on the part of his subjects, Stephens tossed aside his books, shouldered a musket, and accompanied by John O'Mahony took an humble soldier's stand for liberty on the barricades of the Latin quarter side by side with the French Republicans. There seems to have been a veritable "charm" about the life of Stephens. He ran perilously near being shot dead behind the barricades of Killenaule, in Tipperary, in 1848. He escaped the bullets of the Bonapartist troops behind the barricades of Paris in 1851. At a subsequent epoch—in 1865—he cheated the English of his head by taking a somersault over the walls of Richmond prison in Dublin. He faced death daringly at different times and in different countries, and never faced it without success. Stephens and O'Mahony not having been known to the Paris authorities, their names did not appear on the proscription list, and they thus escaped the vengeance of Louis Napoleon.

ORGANIZING THE I. R. B.

Paradoxical as the phrase may seem to be, the darkest as well as the brightest page in Stephens' chequered career dates from 1856 and closes in 1865. It was dark in the sense that he had to battle against difficulties which would have conquered any other man; in the sense that at first comparatively alone and friendless, and financially crippled, he had the courage to start and the untiring perseverance to organize and consolidate one of the most powerful movements that were ever directed against English rule in Ireland; as well as in the sense that when he commenced his work he found Ireland weltering in the slough of despond, as heartily sick of the sword as she was of speech, of rebellion as she was of agitation, and lying to all intents and purposes (in the oft quoted words of Duffy) a corpse on the dissecting table. It was bright in the sense that as an organizer his efforts proved to be a success, and his faith in the Irish people, which at no time wavered, was confirmed by results beyond the possibility of question. If the Irish people were—what some of their critics have asserted that they were and are—a race without a soul or a heap of uncementing sand, one million of James Stephenses could never have put life under its ribs of death. When Stephens crossed over from France to Ireland he abandoned a promising literary career, and ran serious risks in order to revive the national spirit of his race, and make one more struggle for Irish liberty. He inaugurated his movement under the most unfavorable auspices. The failure of the '48 insurrection had almost destroyed the belief of the people in any appeal to the sword. Betrayed, outraged and humiliated by the infamous Brass Band of their parliamentary representatives they turned away with disgust from all idea of having their grievances redressed through the medium of an English legislature. Undismayed by this far from hopeful condition of things, Stephens, ably assisted by John O'Leary, Thomas Clarke Luby and Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa, proceeded to establish the Irish Republican Brotherhood throughout the country. With the exception of one or two counties in Ulster, there was hardly a portion of Ireland into which James Stephens did not penetrate chiefly on foot and with all the ardor and and enthusiasm of a missionary His purse was often very slender during these early days of the organization, and it was at the start with the utmost difficulty that he could make both ends meet; yet his faith, pluck and perseverance pulled him through the ordeal, and later on when the Fenian fair of Chicago was the medium of supplying the men at home with some funds for national purposes, Stephens was enabled to spread the organization rapidly, not only throughout Ireland but England and Scotland as well.

IN PRISON IN PARIS.

How that once great organization fell into decay and death is an oft told tale which I am not going to inflict on my readers. Suffice it to say, however, that if what is called Fenianism perished, so to speak, in the flesh some twenty three years ago, it has survived in spirit in the old land at home. It was Fenianism that started the Land League, and enabled that body to make such a daring assault on the "rights" and "privileges" of the land-robbers. Fenianism was the very salt of Irish nationality these ten years past, and without it Irish public opinion would have ceased to have any backbone, and many Irish politicians would have exchanged the green for the livery of the Whig and West Britisher. Whatever noble and muscularly robust patriotism has existed in Ireland during the last decade was in a large measure due to the fact that in days of despair James Stephens sowed the seeds of that nationality which no human force could extirpate, and which are destined to blossom into flower and fruit if the Irish people only remain true to themselves and to the cause of fatherland.

The first time on which I had the honor of shaking the hand of Stephens was towards the close of 1879, when I was introduced to him at the house of a mutual friend in Paris. The last occasion on which we met no handshaking on either side could have taken place, for we happened to be both handcuffed—inmates, as we were, of the central prison of Paris. I remember very well the day of our last interview It was the day succeeding the *Mi Careme* or Mid Lent feast in the year 1885 Stephens, myself and another had been arrested in the grey dawn on a trumped up charge to the effect that our presence on French soil was considered dangerous to the safety of the commonwealth. From 7 o'clock a. m. up to 11 we were forced to herd in a narrow hall with the refuse of the city streets, vagrants, bums and inebriates who were the offscourings of the carnival of the preceding evening. The scene was one of the most revolting that I ever witnessed. Here amid squalid rags and filthy odors we had to sit for hours, listening to ribald songs and disgusting blasphemies. Stephens bore up through the ordeal with an equanimity and stoicism worthy of all praise. Later on in the day we were escorted in manacles to the top floor of the depot or prison by a corporal's guard, and there our names were written down on the official calendar and our photographs were taken. I shall ever remember the withering and sarcastic smile bestowed on the artist by Stephens in taking his turn at the camera.

"Why do you do me this honor?" asked the Centre in his most insinuating tones.

"Because I am ordered to do so," exclaimed the artist bowing to the old man with all the sleek politeness of the average Frenchman.

"Well," observed Stephens, gently caressing his white beard, "in my sunniest day dreams I never expected the distinction of seeing my photo enshrined in the rogues' gallery of your very estimable republic."

Any words of mine would fail to convey the biting irony underlying Stephens' voice on this occasion. The photographs in question—his and mine—were, I was subsequently informed, duly classified, and still hold a place in the criminal album of the depot. Next day we were escorted to different frontiers and in the care of seperate guardians—expelled from France by the Grevy Ferry government, at the instigation of the British ambassador, and I have never seen the Fenian chief since. In justice to France it should be mentioned that the French press unsparingly condemned the expulsion, and that M Carnot, M. Grevy's successor in the presidential chair, revoked the decree and allowed Mr. Stephens to return to France.

STEPHENS NO ORATOR

Stephens had some peculiar characteristics. One of these was his deep rooted antipathy to all platform oratory. He held all orators, from Cicero and Demosthenes down to Castellar and Philippe, in aversion. It was with the sole desire not to shock the proprieties that he ever listened to a speech, and it was with the utmost pain and mortification he ever made a speech himself in public. This dislike may be due to the fact that while he had a wonderful facility and grace of language as a conversationalist his vocabulary became crude and limited when he stood on his feet. I remember on one occasion—I believe it was in May, 1883—a banquet of the Irish colony of Paris which took place in the Hotel des Reservoirs in Versailles. It was the Hoche anniversary, and we had come out from the capital to wreathe immortelles around the base of the general's statue, which stands in the square of the old city of the kings. There was a goodly company of Irishmen and Irish ladies present at table—among them being Mr Patrick Egan, now United States Minister to Calli, Mrs. Egan, General MacAdaras, member of the French chamber of deputies, James Stephens, Mrs Stephens, Miss Hopper, James D. Foley, P. J. Sheridan and the Rev George Pepper, of the United States. When the health of the revolutionary chief was proposed, the old man simply bowed his thanks to the audience, and gazing on a shaft of the dying sunlight that played around a pyramid of sweet cakes on the table, he observed: "Let us enjoy God's sunshine while we have it. I suggest, ladies and gentlemen, a promenade through the historic park of Versailles." Stephens' suggestion was applauded, but Irish conviviality would not allow of its being carried out.

A REPLY TO UNJUST CRITICS

I cannot better conclude this somewhat rambling paper than by a brief allusion to certain unjust criticisms which have been passed on James Stephens. It would be absurd to say that Stephens was not without his faults as a political tactician, but there is no justice in saddling him with failings which he did not possess. It has been said of him that he had no such ardent admirer as himself. Stephens had doubtless more than a medium share of self confidence and esteem, but that is the general characteristic of leaders of men who rightly or wrongly believe in the stars of their own destiny. Again it is said that he suffered nothing for Ireland. If imprisonment means suffering, then indeed it was more James Stephens' fault rather than his misfortune that he did not spend the best years of his life in British dungeons, for in '48 and '65 he risked probably death on the scaffold and certainly life long penal servitude for the principles which he championed. If suffering means a career of bitter privation spent in exile then James Stephens suffered a good deal for Ireland. As to the rumor industriously circulated that he was rioting on the "Fenian millions" in Paris while he was actually starving in a garrett in that city it is too shriekingly absurd to deserve the merest notice. Whatever faults and failings Stephens had in common with all other men none of them was a want of loyalty to the Irish cause. He is one of those very few revolutionary leaders of Europe who in their old age have kept aloft the banner and have clung nobly to the principles of their early and enthusiastic youth. Unlike Crispi and Cairoli, Stephens holds the same belief still which he held in '48. Like grand old Kossuth, he has never abated an iota of his demands as a patriot and a nationalist. He is today what he was when he shouldered a rifle at Ballingarry an ardent and firm believer in the future of Ireland as a Republic among the nations of the earth.

EOGHAN RUADH.

Does Protection Protect?

Certainly, in one instance, it does. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great protection against the dangers of impure blood, and it will cure or prevent all diseases of this class. It has well won its name of the best blood purifier.

Delight Followed by Torment.

What man or woman will deny that a good dinner is a present delight? Equally undeniable is it that when a well cooked meal is succeeded by a fit of indigestion, rapture is converted into torture. Don't charge your dyspepsia to your dinner. No, my dear sir, your gastric department was out of order to begin with. Had you regulated it with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the cargo that you took on board would have been comfortably stowed away without the slightest inconvenience. This incomparable stomachic entirely reforms faulty digestion, and regulates, besides, the liver and the bowels, which must act harmoniously with the digestive organs, or all three fall out of gear. Take the Bitters for kidney and rheumatic complaints, and in all cases of malaria. As a tonic, appetizer and promoter of convalescence it has no peer.

EULOGIZING THE DEAD.

Splendid Memorial Demonstration in New York in Honor of Charles Stewart Parnell.

Eloquent Oration by the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew.

NEW YORK, Nov. 15.—Services in memory of Charles Stewart Parnell were held tonight in the Academy of Music, and Chauncey M. Depew was the eulogist. There was hardly a prominent Irishman in the city who was not present, but it was not only Parnell's own race that attended to do his memory homage, as many Americans and others were scattered about the vast assemblage. Delegations from the Polish societies of New York were also in attendance, while Irish Americans from Philadelphia, Boston, New Haven, Bridgeport and other near-by cities paid tribute by their presence. Perhaps the most prominent auditor of Mr. Depew's eulogy was Governor elect McKinley, of Ohio. He was accompanied by his wife and occupied a box. In the auditorium could be seen many more persons whose names are notable in law, politics, literature and the pulpit. All the Irish and Gaelic societies were well represented in the audience.

The theatre was draped with the stars and stripes, over which in heavy folds fell loops of purple. To the right of the stage was a large portrait of the dead leader, resting against a large Gaelic cross wreathed with ivy. At the base of the portrait were two wreaths—one of shamrock, moss and ivy, the other of laurel. The first of these was presented to the Parnell memorial committee by Mrs Margaret Horgan, wife of the mayor of Cork, the ivy of which it was partly composed having been gathered near the spot in Glasnevin cemetery near O'Connell's monument. The moss was taken from the grave of Parnell and the shamrock plucked from the hills of Cork. The second wreath was a present from the Polish societies. It was bound with the Polish colors and had this inscription: "Poland mourns with Ireland."

MR. DEPEW'S SPEECH.

By 8 o'clock the house was packed. The services opened with preliminary musical exercises. Then, amid cheers, the orator of the evening arrived. He was introduced by the chairman, Judge Henry A. Gildersleeve, and spoke in part as follows:

"We are here to pay tribute to the memory of a man who made an indelible impress upon the times, and performed incalculable services for his country. But we have not met to discuss or settle the party differences of the hour. It is our purpose to recognize and gracefully remember the wisdom, the patriotic courage and the superb generalship with which Charles Stewart Parnell organized and led his countrymen to within sight of the promised land of self government. The historian of this period cannot write the chronicles of Germany without Bismarck, of France without Gambetta, of Italy without Cavour and Garibaldi, of Ireland without Parnell. The history of modern Ireland begins with the century; her history is the paradox of nations. When most at rest she has suffered the most misery. The forms of government without the spirit of liberty work greater injustice than absolutism. The autocrat can be forced to listen to the cry of his people, but when they are misrepresented, or not represented at all in the federal congress, they have no voice. There was no possibility of the imperial parliament hearing or knowing or caring for the wrongs or aspirations of Ireland until Parnell compelled its attention. He compelled parliament to hear and know and care At the hour when the prospect was darkest, and the Irish were despairing of their cause, there appeared upon the field a champion who presented none of the externals of heroism or leadership. No herald trumpeted his coming, no applause greeted his arrival. His comrades had not noticed his presence, the enemy was not aware of his existence, but he was destined to be the most conspicuous figure in the empire. He was cold in manner, undemonstrative, self poised, imperturbable, neither elated nor depressed, and yet he became the idol of the most impulsive of peoples.

REVOLUTIONIZED TRADITIONS.

The inspiration which started him in his career and guided him in his work was the motto of the Manchester martyrs: "God save Ireland." He saw that for Irishmen to plot against the castle or hurl themselves on the bayonets of the soldiery was madness. He proclaimed that any man who committed a crime was a foe to Ireland. He found that Home Rule was a subject for debate which the house of commons would wearily listen to and both parties unite to kill. And yet he resolved to win by moral force and constitutional methods. He became master of the rules of the house, and then used them to stop its business. With only three who dared to follow he attacked six hundred and odd, intrenched in the forms, the usages and the traditions of centuries. 'No measure shall pass until the demands of Ireland are granted,' was his battle cry. Tories were shocked, Liberals were indignant, Radicals amazed and the speaker paralyzed. Though threatened with unknown perils and punishment and the frightful possibility of being named by the speaker, threatened with suspension and put under the ban of personal and social ostracism, though treated with derision in the house and contempt in the press, the undismayed and unruffled leader stood with his little band across the path of public business, demanding justice for Ireland.

"He baffled the statesmen who had led the house of commons for generations by showing them that they could neither stop nor suspend nor expel, for he was acting strictly within their own rules and fighting with weapons from their own armory. Then, said Mr Gladstone, 'when you show us that a majority of the members from Ireland want legislation we are prepared to listen and act.' Parnell believed that the people of Ireland were with him, but he knew, as did the house, that their representatives were not. Parnell recognized the vital force of Mr. Gladstone's proposition. He said to the Irish people: 'If you believe in me you must be represented in parliament by members who will act with me, and who can neither be misled nor intimidated, nor bought. Give your answer to Mr. Gladstone's challenge.' The response has no parallel in the history of the electorate under free governments. It was: 'Select your own candidates, Mr. Parnell, we will elect them.'

THE CAPTIVE BECAME VICTOR

"When he entered parliament at the head of eighty five out of 103 representatives from Ireland he held in one hand party power and in the other the homes and the fortunes of his people. He had returned in triumph. The commons were bewildered. The calm and confident leader who defied them with three followers now faced them with the larger number of Irish members behind him. 'I have come with the majority you demand,' he said, 'will you listen now?' From that hour the Irish question became the foremost factor in British politics, and Parnell the most powerful member of the house of commons The time worn policy of coercion put him in Kilmainham jail, and it became not the cell of a criminal but the palace of an uncrowned king. The ministry which imprisoned him negotiated with him as with a conqueror. The question was not on what terms will we set you free, but on what conditions will you accept release.

"He did not mince matters. He demanded and was accorded the settlement of the arrears of rent, the amendment of the land act, the abandonment of coercion, and the retirement of Mr. Forster, the coercion minister. As Parnell, fresh from prison, entered the house, Mr. Forster, the defeated minister, in a memorable speech, placed upon the brow of the victor this wreath: 'I think we may remember what a Tudor king said to a great Irishman in former times: 'If all Ireland cannot govern the earl of Kildare, let the earl of Kildare govern Ireland.' In like manner if all England cannot govern the member from Cork, then let us acknowledge that he is the greatest power in Ireland to-day."

DEMANDED MEASURES, NOT PLEDGES.

But Parnell was insensible to flattery and unmoved by promises. He wanted measures and not pledges. He became the potential force in the government. He made and unmade cabinets. He hurled the Gladstone ministry from power and defeated that of Lord Salisbury. He compelled the adjournment of parliament and an appeal to the country. The conversion of Mr. Gladstone to Home Rule for Ireland is the most momentous event in English politics in our generation. He went to defeat out of power on the issue, and has steadily kept it as the best of faith.

Ireland no longer fights with one arm tied and the other held back by false friends. Parnell freed them both. Ireland no longer struggles alone, her cause is the stake of one of the great parties of England, and made so by Parnell.

It was Parnell's task and fame that he brought together 4 000 000 of his country men who had been for generations torn by bitter feuds among themselves, and then converted the 30 000 000 of alien race and faith in the confederate states of the empire to see the justice of his course, and join in demanding of the imperial parliament that Ireland should be granted for her domestic affairs self government and Home Rule.

THE IRISH IMBROGLIO.

[To the Editor.]

Home Rule is receding into the dim distance, Parnellism—or the principle that "the Irish party should be an independent party"—is not growing weaker. Parnellism never was a purely personal matter. But it included another principle also—"one man in command of the fighting force." The sneer at "one man power" is senseless. It is impossible to hold a party in unity without the discipline of a common centre of authority, either one man or a ring. Perhaps the faction fight now going on may serve one good purpose—it may settle the position of the bishops in Irish politics. This ought to be determined, one way or another, before Home Rule becomes an accomplished fact. The cleric who mixes in political strife must not claim any privileges not belonging to a lay citizen. It is not the priest in politics that is in question. It is the bishop with spiritual authority over numerous priests. The political bishop is now on his trial in Ireland.

The great calamity of the present crisis is that there has been found no Irish public man or men able to keep calm and neural in the presence of contending factions. The American envoys and Davitt had an unique chance to dominate the present storm if they had kept their heads cool and refused to become partisans. What is needed now is a third or neutral party—just to both parties, implicated with neither—and preferring the cause of Ireland to everything else. Davitt, Dillon and O'Brien have ruined their influence and their chances of becoming acceptable leaders by abandoning the neutral and judicial attitude. The only chance of a third party now is in America. Both factions will look to us for financial aid. It is our duty *not to give it*, so long as the disgraceful broil continues. But we can give good advice: To cease quarreling, cease disgracing their country, cease giving pleasure to the common enemy, and try to find some man who is not a member of either faction and rally around him and give him dictational power.

We must impartially condemn both the methods and the fury of both parties. If either has any justification it is the party that was attacked and that is fighting for existence. No man or party is willing to be crushed and stamped out, and it is not in nature to submit to the process quietly. But there is no excuse for the scurrility of Healy. He is ambitious, and saw his chance to supplant Parnell. He is the only man of strong, masterful will in the majority party, and he is fighting for the leadership. He will attack Dillon and Davitt and Sexton tomorrow as vigorously as he attacks Parnell today. It is of course chimerical, as we see it, for Healy to expect to be leader. But he has been the virtual leader, since the split in the party, of the Anti Parnellites. Mr. McCarthy has only nominal control. It is a question for the majority faction whether they can afford to have Healy in their party and assume responsibility for his foul deeds and words. It would save some of themselves from being driven by Healy out of public life hereafter if they would deal with him now, before he becomes too powerful. It is a fact that but for Healy there would have been no division of the party. But for Healy there could have been a compromise arranged with Parnell. But for Healy there would have been no contest in Cork. And but for Healy there would have been offered to the friends of Parnell, over his open grave, the olive branch of peace. If the majority have power to expel a member, as they claim for themselves, let them get rid of Healy. He is another Keogh. He is earning his reward from the next Liberal administration by reducing the Irish parliamentary party to impotence. If he lives long enough he will outdo Keogh on the bench. He has been cowhided in Dublin, but in America he would have fared worse.

It cannot be said that Parnell's reputation is on the wane. People are beginning to do him justice. He had his shortcomings, but he had some strong points too, and he has not left any successor behind him. What remains is the principle for which he contended. His body may moulder in the grave, but his soul goes marching on. W.

NALLY TESTIMONIAL.

At a meeting of the Nally Testimonial Committee at Cline's Hall on Sunday, Nov. 15, the following named gentlemen were appointed to draft resolutions on the death of P. W. Nally: John P. Rogers, John F. Finerty, John P. Dougherty, John M. O'Mally, Thomas Cline, A. G. Duggan, John T. Gibbons, James M. McLaughlin, Joseph P. McKenna, John Anstro.

Following are the resolution, reported and unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The sad and painful news has reached the members of this club of the untimely death of Patrick W. Nally, one of Ireland's most faithful and patriotic sons, within the dark precincts of an English dungeon; and

WHEREAS, It has pleased Divine Providence to call to a happier and better life that pure and noble spirit who is now relieved from those persecutions which have been the fate of thousands of his countrymen. Be it, therefore,

Resolved, That, in the death of Patrick W. Nally, Ireland has lost one of her most devoted and loyal sons, a man who was ever ready to stand in the gap of danger and fight to the death the enemies of his country.

Resolved, That we, the members of this club, deeply feel the loss our unfortunate native country has sustained, our sorrow being intensified by the knowledge that his death occurred on the eve of his liberation—an occasion which his countless friends in Ireland and America awaited with enthusiasm.

Resolved, That the members of this club tender to the family of our departed comrade our heartfelt sympathy in their hour of tribulation, and sincerely feel with them in their sorrow; feeling also the loss they have sustained will redound to the martyr's eternal gain in "the realm where souls are free, and tyrants taint not nature's bliss."

Resolved, That we are consoled by the thought that the noble and patriotic spirit which has fled through the prison bars of the bastile of his country's enemies, and taken its flight to the life beyond, is now enjoying that eternal repose which is the divine reward of all who love and honor their country, and who maintain their sentiments by their deeds and their sacrifices.

Resolved, That the fund subscribers by the members of this club which was to be presented to him in honor of the occasion of his release from Mountjoy prison be devoted to placing a suitable monument over his honored grave, to stand as a token of the admiration in which he was held by us for his untiring efforts in the cause of his country and his kind.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family of the deceased, and that they be spread on the minutes of this meeting and published in THE CITIZEN.

By an oversight the names of Mr. Peter Salmon, $1, and Capt. James Ward, $1 (second subscription), were omitted in last issue.

Division 11's Annual Ball.

The fourteenth annual ball of Division No. 11, Ancient Order of Hibernians, will be given at Ashland Hall, corner of Ashland avenue and Division street, on Thanksgiving Eve, Nov. 25 Tickets admitting gentleman and ladies, 50 cents. This branch of the Hibernians has always been famous for the success of its entertainments, and a magnificent time is expected.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

GAEL AND GAUL:

—OR—

The Green and The Tricolor.

A TALE OF THE

FRENCH INVASION OF 1798.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "King and Viking," "Under the White Cockade," and other highly successful stories.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

It was decided to march with all possible speed towards the insurgent districts, there to endeavor to turn the revolutionary spark into a furnace. To move forward with required celerity it was necessary to sacrifice some more of the ordnance, which was promptly done, five pieces of cannon being hurled over the bridge and sent splashing into the waters of the Buanaid. Soon afterwards pleasant Doonmahaire, with its castle and bbbey, its shady trees and velvety lawn, was left far behind, the army wheeling by the right towards Drumkeeran, which, lying about five miles towards the southeast, was soon reached—a lonely little mountain village sitting in the midst of bleak hills and brown bogs, intersected with turbulent streams rushing to join the neighboring Lough Allen, at the head of the Shannon.

Weary stragglers, who, having lingered at Collooney, had narrowly escaped the sabres and bullets of the advancing Hessians, brought in most appalling reports of the ferocity and savagery of King George's troops—that the foremost of these were glutting themselves with slaughter and perpetrating outrages of every description—that the insurgents wounded at Collooney had been dragged forth upon the roadway, and brutally crushed to death beneath the wheels of cannon and baggage wagons—that the line of march was strewn with the gashed bodies of innocent peasants and murky with the smoke of their burning homesteads; tales of ruin and blood which made the listener's heart throb with indignation and a fierce desire of vengeance upon the ruthless spoilers and slayers.

It was also learned that the advance guard of the English was close at hand, and some anxiety began to prevail among the French and Irish leaders lest their march might be suddenly intercepted. But various accidents and circumstances made further unavoidable delay; another halt was called; another night went by.

"In heaven's name let us hasten on," exclaimed McDonnell next morning, "for not a moment have we to lose if we would ever see Longford or Westmeath. The enemy are closing in all around us. They are behind us at Deomahaire—Lake was encamped last night at Ballintogher—and they are also in strong force to our front, in the southward. Let them but reach the bridge at Ballintra, on the Shannon, before us, and our retreat is cut off, and we shall be penned in like sheep on the shore of Lough Allen."

O'Dowds, Teeling, Barrett, Tone, and others vehemently supported his advice, and once more the little army, now greatly thinned by the desertion of insurgents, who had grown despondent at the desperate state of affairs, resumed its extraordinary march.

The anxieties of the leaders were well founded. No less than three powerful English armies were in pursuit of the devoted Franco Irish force. The first, or main army, under Cornwallis himself, had marched from Hollymount in an almost straight line by Claremorris, Ballyhaunis, and Frenchpark, towards Carrick-on-Shannon, in order to "head off" the French on the southward detour. The second was moving north towards Sligo, and now lay at Tubbercurry; this force was under the command of the chivalrous Sir John Moore (afterwards of Corunna celebrity), who, from his recent experiences in Wexford, was heartily disgusted with the methods of warfare as practiced in Ireland, and especially with the conduct of the king's troops. But the third army, or army of pursuit, was that with which the Franco Irish host was most immediately concerned, divisions of it threatening both their front and rear. It was commanded by the ferocious Gen. Lake in person. Dispatched from Tuam on the track of the French, the "butcher general," smarting under the disgrace of the defeat inflicted upon him at Castlebar, was rapidly advancing, intent as a bloodhound on the trail. It was said that in three days he marched seventy three miles to overtake his intended prey. At Ballaghaderreen he united his force with that of General Taylor, who had retreated thither from Foxford immediately after "the Races," and advanced to Charlestown, or Ballaghy, where he learned that the French had had fourteen hours' start of him. He now pressed eagerly forward, his troops—among which were our old friends the runaway carbineers from Ballina, under Sir Thomas Chapman and Major Kerr—committing all manner of atrocities, butchering every peasant in their way on mere suspicion of his being "disaffected," and drenching the road with human gore. At Tubbercurry he was overtaken by Col. Crawford, the captor of President Moore at Castlebar, to whom he assigned command of his advance guard, which, consisting in great part of savage Hessians and Foxhunters, was now in close proximity to the Franco Irish force.

The latter was now moving southward along the western shore of Lough Allen, amid the features of a new panorama, wild and romantic as any yet explored. Left of the blue marching column lay the lake, all still and lonely amid its mountain solitudes, reflecting in its placid bosom the shadow of St. Beoy's old church on the isle of Inch and the outlines of the lofty hills surrounding, which reared their majestic crests as if proudly conscious of the gnome like treasures of iron and coal concealed within their ragged breasts. For this was the great "iron country" of Ireland. Yonder, beyond the lake, to the northeast, towered Slieve Anierin, or "the mountain of iron" (*Sliabh an iarainn*), where of old the Tuatha de Danann *cerd*, or smith, Goibnen, first lighted a furnace and laid bare the treasures of the noble hill; and there, in wild Glengalvin, the mountain walled little kingdom of the Magaurans and Dolans, was born the king of Irish streams, rushing forth, a splendid young giant of rivers, from the broad and deep "Shannon Pot" at the base of Quilca and bounding down with lusty, youthful vigor to Lough Allen, through whose midst the fishermen were wont to point out the yellow foaming course of the young Shannon, as distinct from the surface of the rest of the lake, to its outlet above the bridge of Ballintra, for which the French and insurgents were now making.

Deep and dangerous is Lough Allen, the lakeside mountains shooting down into corresponding abysses beneath the water, while the frequent storms which visit it gave it formerly the name of Lough na Schadogue, or the Windy Lake. Even while the marching troops were admiringly gazing on the peaceful and beauteous scene, so utterly at variance with the turmoil of war, the view underwent a swift and striking change; a huge black rain-cloud surged up over the western hills and discharged its contents hissingly upon the earth; the wind seemed to waken up in the hollows of the mountains, furious gusts rushed through gorges and gulleys strewn with iron ore, belching forth from numerous Borean lairs, and the water, ripped at once into foam and wrath, leaped angrily up and struck at the banks with a thousand frantic white arms.

The storm's departure was sudden as its advent, and when at length the bridge of Ballintra appeared in sight—without, to the general relief, a single redcoat visible thereon—the blue lake was again smiling sunnily under the cloudless sky, with birds fleetly darting and skimming the glassy water; scarcely a ripple spread round the flat bottomed boats that swung lazily at anchor, while the zephyrs barely eddied the smoke wreaths on the distant hills, betokening where the poteen maker was plying his furtive craft. All was peace, mildness, serenity.

Suddenly a pattering of shots awakened the echoes of the mountain side.

The enemy at last! The French rear guard was engaged.

"Haste, citizen Colonel, detach the rear division of your Legion and return to support Gen. Sarrazin," at once cried Humbert to Patrick Barrett. "Mille diables! those rascals yonder must be kept at a respectful distance until most of us have got safely across yonder bridge."

Our colonel promptly obeyed. His commands were echoed in right soldierly manner by Filan, O'Donnell, and others of his gallant *aides*, and very soon his men were retracing their steps towards where the French chasseurs were preparing for a charge, while the infantry of the rear-guard were extended across the way *en tirailleur*, the white puffs of their firing jetting forth amid the rocks where they found cover.

"*Ma foi!* the poor English horses have been sadly overridden," commented Lisette, to the fore, as usual, when there was a *soupcon* of peril, "or else those cavaliers yonder are rather shy of the battle. Ha! what admirable targets they make."

The dark green uniforms and flashing helmets and sabres of a numerous body of Hessians burst full into view as they came onward in an impetuous charge, but this was speedily stopped as some of the leading troopers tumbled from their saddles beneath the fire of the French shooters. The scarlet coats of the Foxhunters now appeared, and several companies of British light infantry spread out in clouds of skirmishers, whose fire became so hot that Sarrazin gave the signal to retire towards the bridge, across which the main body was now securely defiling.

A curious structure this bridge of Ballintra, beneath which the yellowish Shannon rushed and gurgled, a bridge in itself about eighty feet long, with four arches of varying sizes, but approached on the eastern or Roscommon side by a long narrow causeway of over 200 feet in length, pierced with a queer variety of tunnels or small arches of every curve and form, as a wise provision against occasional floods.

This long stone gangway between Roscommon and Leitrim now became a bone of serious contention between the opposing forces. Humbert had at once seen the prospect afforded of retarding the advance of his pursuers; and as Barrett rode accross at the tail of the rearguard he noticed a group of French sappers making active preparations for blowing up one of the abutments.

"Pass on, comrades, you can have ample rest on the other side; this bridge is not for the accommodation of our friends the English," cheerily cried one of those swarthy workers, vigorously wielding his mattock, and the retreating chasseurs gave vent to an exulting cheer.

But the oversight of Sarrazin tended to ruin the design of his superior; the commander of the rearguard neglected to properly cover the working party on the bridge.

The British cavalry bugles blared; the narrow causeway shook beneath the thunderous galloping as the Hessians despite the bullets that rained among them came furiously on. With a wild yell they cut down the sappers and then dashed across the bridge with waving sabres, vibrating the welkin with a hoarse chorus of German battle shouts; but their ardor was again suddenly cooled by the fire of the French sharpshooters and they retired to a respectful distance, leaving their opponents in undisputed possession of the little village of Drumshambo, a short distance from the bridge.

Here there was another short halt for refreshments, the humble stores of the inhabitants being laid under immediate requisition, and these serving but to slightly allay such a large number of keenly whetted appetites.

Sooth to say, the route of the hostile forces was broadly and mournfully marked with the traces of their progress. It was a streak of devastation along which both life and property were imperilled and forfeited. Horses were seized *sans ceremonie* for the purpose of expediting the French march; the kitchens and the granaries of the gentry were placed under contribution; even the wayside cabins of the poor peasantry were drawn upon for their scanty supplies of food, the owners usually yielding up their little all with ready generosity for the sake of the "ould country," and then, in dread of being sabred, shot, or hanged by the approaching British flying to the distant hills or hiding in the neighboring woods, to witness thence, as often happened, the blaze which consumed their humble abodes.

In nearly every district through which it passed, Humbert's force obtained new volunteers, but these were greatly outnumbered by the footsore and dispirited deserters, and the strength of the little army rapidly diminished. However, the hope of ultimate success, together with the instinct of self preservation—for it became known that the deserters fared badly with the pursuing troops, who ruthlessly slaughtered them wherever found—kept a goodly number of the brave and determined of the insurgents together, and these still marched sturdily onward beneath the flags and tricolor, grimly resolved on holding out to the bitter end.

"*En avant!*" was again the command.

The upper Shannon, with its yellowish current, its long, grey bridge, its grove crowned banks, was soon left behind, the iron veined heights of Arigna and the more distant Curlieus became bluer in the distance, and the army debouched once more into the historic borderland of Breffney, traversing the ancient pagan district of Magh Sleachta, where King Tiernmass and some thousands of his people were struck dead one Samhain night while adoring their great idol, Crum Cru, afterwards destroyed by St. Patrick. To those of the insurgents who were versed in their native history and traditions, weird memories, like hoary and blood-begrimmed milestones of the past, were evoked at every stage of their journey. In one direction lay Fenagh, the sepulchre of that terrible old pagan king Connacht, Aedh the White, who sentenced his daughter, Geilgeis, mother of St. Brendan, the Celtic discoverer of America, to be burned at the stake for her attachment to the Christian religion; in another was Lough Scur, with the castle in which, in Elizabeth's time, the treacherous Shane Oge Reynolds perpetrated a bloody massacre of the Breffnian chiefs; nearer to hand, at Castlefore, towered the ruins of Coote's Castle, which the native Irish gave to the flames in the rising of 1641. The landscape lay in great part bare and treeless, the stately primeval woods which once covered it having disappeared more than thirty years previously, or in 1765, when the iron-smelting furnace of Drumshambo went out for lack of further fuel; thus there was little or no possibility of laying an ambuscade, for the troops who were now so eagerly and thirstily in pursuit.

Occasionally from the rear came the reports of carbines, answered as if by distant echoes, as the chasseurs of the rear guard turned and exchanged shots with the advanced pickets of Hessians and Foxhunters.

In one of these petty skirmishes the enemy had advanced with unusual boldness, and swords were drawn, and the prospect of a lively hand to hand cavalry conflict seemed imminent. Just as the Hessian trumpets were sounding a charge and the chasseurs were drawing in their pickets in order to receive it, the horse of Patrick Barrett, who was among those nearest the advancing foe, was struck by a bullet. The animal fell on its side, kicking violently, and pinning its rider to the ground.

"Help!" cried the prostrate man—an appeal to which Gen. Sarrazin, as he rode past, replied only with a sardonic smile, the grin of a fiend as it appeared to him who was in need.

Next moment, as it seemed, the roadway shook beneath galloping hoofs, and Barrett felt a rough grasp on his shoulder and the edge of a sabre laid across his throat.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Ballot Box Stuffers in California.

William T. Coleman, chairman of the vigilance committees of 1851, '56 and '77, writes as follows on this topic in the *Century* for November: "The next important work was the action to be taken with regard to notorious ballot box stuffers and other desperate characters. They were a curse to the country. Every one admitted it, but no effective action had been taken against them. In many cases they held the polls at election and attacked, maimed and terrified those voters who were opposed to their friends. If arrested, such was the dread they had inspired, and so great their influence with the courts, that conviction was almost impossible. This immunity from punishment increased their insolence and violence, and it was evident that no reform could be made while they remained in the state. What was to be done with them? They could not be hanged; they would be a source of expense and trouble; safe and satisfactory imprisonment was plainly impracticable. It was therefore suggested that if, after a fair trial, the charges against them were proved, no course would be so satisfactory and safe as banishment, with a warning never again to return under pain of death. This was adopted, and a black list was made of all these notorious characters; evidence was collected, and orders were soon given for the arrest of these men wherever they could be found in the state. They were tried, convicted sentenced and deported, many of them as first class passengers, by sailing ships and steamships, at the sole expense of the committee, and in a style far above their deserts; this was not appreciated, but flattered and exalted them to the belief that they were important personages and had suffered great damages, and they brought suits against the committee. Singularly, or perhaps naturally, these suits were only brought by those who were best treated. Those who were shipped in the steerage never brought suits, and were never a terward troublesome."

400 Miles as the Crow Flies

Is the distance covered in a single night by the Limited Express trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway between Chicago and the Twin Cities of the Northwest—St. Paul and Minneapolis. These trains are vestibuled, electric lighted and steam heated, with the finest Dining and Sleeping Car Service in the world. The Electric reading light in each berth is the successful novelty of this progressive age, and is highly appreciated by all regular patrons of this line. We wish others to know its merits as the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the only line in the west enjoying the exclusive use of this patent. For further information apply to nearest coupon ticket agent or address F. A. MILLER, Assistant General Passenger Agent, 409 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

GAELIC POETRY.

Air Bhas Shearlais Stiobhairt Fairnell—An Fear is mo do thainig de shliocht na h-Eireann air feadh leith-cheud bliadhain—Sgriobhtha an oidhche tar eis a bhais.

LEIS AN G-CRAOIBHIN AOIBHINN.

A Thighearnai!—b'ole an buille sin
Do thuit orrainn andé!
Is mór atámaoid buaidhrighthe
Is truagh sinn, a Dhé!
'S an t-aon fhear mór do threoruigh sinn,
'S i ár léig dúinn dul air strae,
'S do rug go bruach na glóire sinn,
Anois ag dul 'san g-cré!

Ag dul anois 'san g-créafóig!
Ochl ní raibh sé i n-dán,
Mo leun! d ár g-Calpta dífeachtach
O n-g-cogadh so theacht siád,
Lé feis-int fós 'sna bliadhantaibh
Tá teacht orrainn gan stad,
A phá ár glórmhar criochnuighthe,
A's Eire saor air fad.

'S maith d'oibrigh dhúinn an Rídire,—
S maith thuill sé uainn a chlú;
Lé géire mhór na h-intinne
Nár léig aon phunc amúch';
Lé h-obair fhada fóireannaigh,—
Lé stuidé ar fada dúth,—
Lé croidhe gan feall, lé dithchiollacht,—
Is é do thuill a chlú.

An t-aon fhear nach raibh eagalach,
'S is mór an rud lé rádh,
Ameasg na námhaid Sacsanach
Throld sé, ó lá go lá:—
An t-aon fhear do bhí ábalta
Le dul 'sna n-aghaidh gan sgáth,
Budh chuma leis a m-bagartha,
A bh-fuath, no a n-grádh.

Bhí Eire bhocht gan stúil air bith,
Mar chorp air chlár beag déil
Dá gearradh ag na doehtuiribh—
Dá sracadh as a chéil';—
Acht thainig sé a's mhúsgail sé
An cholainn lag, gan chéill;
A's shéid sé uirri, 's dí dísigh sí
Lé h-anál beo 'nna beul.

A's d'fhág sé feadh a bhea'ha-san
An teagasg so 'un ár measg,
Gan creideamh chur 'san Sacsanach
Tá 'g imirt linn a chleas;—
Gan úmhlughadh thabhairt d'á bhliadair-aecht
Nár thuill ariamh ár meas;
'S gan buidheachas dó bain fímid
Ar sásamh lomlán as.

Och, d'imthig sé! och, cailleadh é!—
Fear mór an inchinn gl éir!—
'S arís tá'n gleus-meádhachain
'G ár meádhachan 'san aeir.
Talsbéanfaidh sé n á's amaideach
Na n-Eireannaigh go léir;
Má 's Eireannach no Sacsanach
Bheidheas cúmhachtach 'san tír.

O, feicfidhear 'san uair-se,
Faoi sholas geal an laé,
Cia h-é an duine dúbalta,
'S an duine cam, cia h-é!
A's tuisfimid faoi dheire rud
Nár thuigeamar ariamh—
An dithfir idir bladaire
A's gaisgidheach na n-gnúomh.

Mo leun! mo leun! nach n-aithnighmid
Gur bocht an rud an chaint,—
An chaint sin atá ceangailte
Le clogras agus saint;—
Mo leun! mo leun! nach n-aithnighmid
Na daoine dilse treun'
D'fhulóngadh bás go toiteanach
Gan cuimhnighadh orra féin!

Talsbéanfaidh neart na stoirme
An t-ole anois, 's an mhaith,
A bh-fad ó ch éile sgapfuighear
An chruithneacht a's an cháith,—
A bh-fad ó ch éile sgapfuighear
An blaosg agus an grán,
Acht cuimhnigh air ár n-Gaisgidheach,
'S ní rachfamaoid air fán.

An cogadh sin do chaitheamar
Go dearg, dána, dian,
An-aghaidh na m-bodach Sacsanach
Air feadh na g-ceudta bliadhain.
Ath-bheodhuighthear an cogadh sin,
Cruinneochamaoid an Fhiann,
Go sgriosfamaoid na bodaigh sin,
'S ní gheobhthar sinn 'nna líon.

Tá cómharthaidhe 's comhuileachta
Gach taobh, a's áit, a's áird,
Ar g-croidheacha faoi bhuaidhreadh
Ag bualadh go h-árd:
Tá n lá ag teacht a's roinnfidh sé
An tiun agus an sián,
Fear cainte ó'n bh-fear cogaidh,
Leath-fhear ó'n bh-fear iomlán.

A Fhairrcill, beidh do spioraid-sa
'Ni ár measg an lá sin féin!
Cuimhneochamaoid air d'fhulaing-se,—
Ar n-Ogar uasal, treun!
Tá'n lá ag teacht 's éireochamaoid
'S cúiteochamaoid arís
Gach creach a's crádh a d'fhulaing sinn
Le crádh a's creach a's sgrios.

—*Irish American.*

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

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BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[New York Critic.]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[New York Nation, July 31.]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCREDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. It's arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 11.]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[Chicago Herald.]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[Bismarck Tribune.]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[New York Times.]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[New York Herald.]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[New York Independent.]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[The Home Magazine.]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE

[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[Scranton (Pa.) Truth.]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[Chicago Morning News.]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[Chicago Evening Journal.]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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$10 Battery Loaned.

If you are not enjoying perfect health, strength and vigor, we will lend you for 60 days one of Gray's Galvanic Body Batteries, price $10, you to pay for it if cured. It is for men only, and is the latest and best Electric Appliance invented. Current can be made strong or weak; turned on or off at will. Acts like magic in cases of Weakness, Premature Old Age, &c. Can we send you one at our risk? Electric Treatment Co., 259 Broadway, N. Y. City

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street New York.

BROOKLYN HOLOCAUST.

Six Lives Lost in a Tenement House Fire.

SCENES OF WILDEST EXCITEMENT.

Mothers Forget Their Little Ones and Attempt to Rush Back into the Burning Building to Rescue Them—Fifty Families Homeless—A Conflagration at St. Louis Causes a Loss of Over $1,000,000—Costly Blazes in Other Localities.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 17.—At an early hour Tuesday morning a fire occurred in the four-story tenement hous at 120 Nostrand avenue. The building was constructed mostly of wood and the flames spread to all portions of it with marvelous rapidity, cutting off the escape of those who lived in the upper floors. Six persons are known to have perished while many other persons were badly burned or had narrow escapes from death. The dead as far as known are Mrs. Schnabel, her two children and Mrs. Stellinberger and ner two children. The fire spread from 120 to adjoining buildings and destroyed twenty of them. At least fifty families were burned out and it is probable that other persons besides these given above have lost their lives.

Daring Rescues Recorded.

There were scenes of wild excitement and panic during the progress of the flames. The inmates, aroused from their slumber by the police and others who happened to be in the vicinity, rushed wildly from their homes in scanty attire. Mothers would remember that some of their children were forgotten in the hasty exit and could only be prevented from rushing back into their burning homes by force. The police and firemen worked like heroes and many daring rescues by them are recorded. Mrs. Annie Bowers, aged 26, was carried in an unconscious condition from her apartments by a brave fireman who risked his life to save hers.

GREAT BLAZE AT ST. LOUIS.

Property to the Extent of $1,000,000 Consumed—Firemen Injured.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 17.—At 4:30 o'clock Tuesday morning fire was discovered in the millinery store of Penny & Gentles, corner of Franklin avenue and Broadway. A second and third alarm was sounded within fifteen minutes and the almost complete force of the fire department responded. The flames spread at a rapid rate, their material which they fed upon being of a high inflammable character. A strong west wind was blowing at the time and made the work of the firmen perilous and for a time fruitless. Within half an hour the large drygoods store of Sonnenfelds, which adjoined Penny & Gentles, was afire, and the flames were working their way to the "Famous" mammoth shoe house on the corner of Broadway and Morgan street. Four firemen were caught in the Famous building and were overcome by smoke. They were rescued by their companions.

Two More Firemen Badly Hurt.

At 6 o'clock the entire block on the west side of Broadway, between Franklin avenue and Morgan street, was a mass of flames which were being fanned by a strong wind and being carried across the street, threatened destruction to the immense dry goods house of D. Crawford & Co., and the furniture store of Kopplemman & Co. The firemen poured their streams of water into the fire blindly, as the smoke was so dense and the odor of burning ribbons, feathers, cloth and shoes so strong that they could not remain on the windward side. During one of the many collapses of burning floors in the different buildings, two firemen named Lynch and Simen were caught by the falling of loose bricks and timbers. Both men were badly hurt and were carried to the hospital in an ambulance. The watchman at Sonnenfeld's establishment is missing, and it is feared he may be in the ruins.

Damaged by Smoke and Water.

Across from Penny & Gentles on Franklin avenue, were the establishments of Grierson & Co., hatters, Ed F. Bohl, and a drug store on the corner of Broadway and Franklin avenue. These places were badly damaged by smoke and water. The wind had by this time died away considerably and the firemen were able to do battle with greater success. The whole block on the east side of Broadway between Franklin avenue and Morgan street, including the establishments of D. Crawford & Co., was damaged by fire and smoke It took hard and active work to prevent the flames from going down Morgan street to Fourth, as all the buildings were old and inflammable. By 8 o'clock the block of buildings which were filled with holiday goods was a mass of charred timbers, and the main part of the walls had fallen. The loss will be over $1,000,000.

A $200,000 Blaze at Minneapolis.

MINNEAPOLIS, Nov. 17.—The wholesale house of the Minneapolis Glass company and Lindsay Bros.' agricultural implements were burned Tuesday morning. The total loss will be nearly $200,000. The losses and insurance are: Minneapolis Glass company, loss $110,000; insurance, $111,500. Lindsay Bros., loss $75,000; insurance, $21,500. Barclay Cooper on building, loss $15,000; insurance, $12,600.

Laundry Fire at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Nov. 17.—The Eagle laundry, 415 and 417 Larrabee street, was destroyed by fire Tuesday morning. The firemen had a hard time saving adjoining property. The loss is about $20,000. There were 100 people employed in the laundry, of whom eighty were girls. These will be thrown out of employment temporarily.

Depew Is Popular in Dublin.

DUBLIN, Nov. 17.—The American memorial exercises in honor of Parnell are very favorably commented on here, and especially the tone of the oration of Chauncey M. Depew, so far as cabled. The Parnellites are especially gratified by the evidence of high regard for the late leader, and they are discussing another mission to America for funds.

Disappearance of a Postmaster.

OMAHA, Nov. 17.—A special from Logan, Ia., says: Postmaster Winters has disappeared and it has been ascertained that he lost considerable money on Chicago wheat. A postoffice inspector is examining his accounts. It is thought that they are badly tangled.

BRILLIANT JOURNALIST GONE.

Death of Don Piatt After an Illness of a Week's Duration.

CLEVELAND, Nov. 13.—Don Piatt died at 3 o'clock Thursday afternoon at his home at Mac-o-Chee, in Logan county. He had been ill only a week with lung fever and his condition was not consid-

DON. PIATT.

ered alarming until Wednesday. He attempted to make his will, but became speechless and was unable to finish it. He was born at Cincinnati, June 19, 1819, and is best known for his career at the national capital as editor of the Washington Sunday Capitol.

His Latest Work.

In 1888 he edited Belford's Magazine. At the time of his death he was engaged upon a biography of General George H. Thomas. His latest work for the press was a series of letters to a Cleveland paper on the issues and candidates of the late campaign, which attracted wide attention. Colonel Piatt had been twice married, and his second wife, for many years an invalid, survives him. The funeral will be held Sunday.

FIVE PERSONS CREMATED.

Frightful Result of a Fire at Columbus, O.

COLUMBUS, O., Nov. 16.—Five persons, consisting of an entire family, were burned to death in a frame building on North High street Friday morning. The names of the victims are: Charles Betheard, his wife and three children. The fire occurred at 4 o'clock in the morning; neither the firemen nor the police knew anything of the loss of life until their attention was called to the fact by a friend of the family.

Close Call for a Holocaust.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 16.—Fire started in the St. Louis children's hospital at 6 o'clock Friday morning and a scene of great disorder followed. There were forty-two children in the building, but they were all rescued by the bravery of the matrons, nurses, firemen and neighbors. A little girl, just recovering from an operation on the eyes, will probably lose her sight on account of the smoke, and a boy suffering from consumption was so injured by the same cause that he will not recover. With these exceptions no one was hurt. The damage to the building is slight.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

Sudden and Unannounced Arrival in New York of Minister Porter.

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.—Albert G. Porter, United States minister to Italy, arrived Sunday on the steamship Normannia, and after a few hours' stop proceeded on a fast express to Washington. This sudden and unannounced arrival leads many to believe that he has been hurriedly summoned to Washington to confer with the president and the secretary of state on the present situation of the controversy with Italy, growing out of the Mafia troubles in New Orleans. It is more than probable that Italy has taken advantage of the trouble between the United States and Chili to make a demand for an apology and a money indemnity for the killing of two of her subjects in New Orleans. Minister Porter refused to give any reason for his hasty and secret trip to Washington

Affairs in Chili.

SANTIAGO, Chili, Nov. 16—The council of state for the new administration is now complete. The eleven members have been chosen, five by President Montt, three by the senate and three by the house of deputies. The council, as now organized, consists of two conservatives of clericals and nine liberals. Colonel Holley, the minister of war, is the latest of the junta's cabinet to resign. He and colonel (now general) Canto led the assault upon Valparaiso. Word has been received here that the United States steamer Yorktown sailed from Montevideo, Uruguay, Sunday morning for Valparaiso.

Bank Failure at Broken Bow.

OMAHA, Nov. 16.—A special from Broken Bow says: The bank of Kloman & Arnold suspended business. They gave a mortgage to the Bank of Omaha on all their real estate holdings. The county and city officials, particularly the treasurer, are caught in the failure, as that bank was used as a depository. The bank examiner is in charge. A bank at Anselmo, owned by the same parties, has also suspended.

Fatal End of a Spree.

OMAHA, Nov. 16.—Andrew Polman committed suicide Monday morning by blowing his brains out with a revolver. He had been on a protracted spree. Suicide is hereditary in his family, his brother and a sister having killed themselves in the past three years.

A Newspaper Burned Out.

NORFOLK, Va., Nov. 16.—A fire broke out in The Virginian office yesterday and soon burned out the interior of the building. The stock and material of the office was destroyed, as well as most of the files. Loss heavy.

Threw Himself Before a Train.

WEST SUPERIOR, Wis., Nov. 16.—An unknown man, having the appearance of a laborer, threw himself in front of a Northern Pacific train Thursday after noon and was literally ground to pieces.

Approved the Duty.

PARIS, Nov. 16.—The chamber of deputies has approved of the duty, 25 francs per 200 pounds to be levied on American pork as suggested by the senate committee's report.

Frank Almy Pleads Guilty.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., Nov. 16.—Almy, or Abbott, the murderer of Christie Warden, pleaded guilty.

THE REVOLT IN BRAZIL.

Affairs Remain in an Unchanged Condition.

OPPOSITION TO THE DICTATORSHIP.

It Continues to Grow in Strength, Many Deserters from Da Fonseca's Troops Joining the Revolutionists—The Capital of Rio Grande do Sul in the Hands of the National Party and Preparations Are Being Made for Its Defense.

LONDON, Nov. 16.—The situation of affairs in Brazil shows no change according to dispatches received in this city Monday, and the opposition to Marshal Da Fonseca's dictatorship, continues to grow in strength. As exclusively announced in the United Press dispatches, Porto Alegre, the capital of the revolted province of Rio Grande do Sul, is now in the hands of the National party and preparations for its defense are being actively made. On all sides in Rio Grande do Sul, in spite of the so-called official's statements, in favor of the dictator sent out by the old agencies saying that there was no trouble, the people are rising in support of the National party. The United Press is in a position to state that outside of the somewhat colored utterances of representatives of London houses who have interest in "bearing" Brazilian securities, the statements cabled from here have been, in the main, entirely correct, exclusive and ahead of all other agencies or correspondents. The United Press alone of the agencies, recognized the importance of the movement in Brazil, and the United Press alone has given the real facts about the Brazilian revolution.

A Force of 30,000 Riflemen.

In support of these statements the correspondent of the London Times at Santiago de Chili, cables that the Chilian minister at Buenos Ayres has telegraphed to the Chilian government saying that the opposition junta, or provisional government of the National party (Dr. Assize, General Ossario and Barros Oassul), now has dominant power in the province of Rio Grande do Sul and that it has been able, in about a week's time, to arm and equip a force of 30,000 riflemen. In artillery, it is added, the junta is weak, having as yet been able to obtain possession of only four field guns. This branch of the service, however, will shortly, it is said, be reinforced. According to The Times correspondent the junta's navy only consists of the Alagnos, a monitor, but it is known here that this is probably an error, as the National party is said to have several gunboats in addition to the monitor at its disposal.

Deserters from De Fonseca's Army.

The junta in addition to its work in placing quite a respectable army in the field, is taking steps in the province of Rio Grande do Sul and in other provinces, to bring about an election for a president in place of Marshall Da Fonseca whom the junta declares to have lost all rights to that position by his unconstitutional action in dissolving congress, and in assuming the powers of a dictator. Almost daily bodies of deserters from the dictator's army are joining the ranks of the junta's army, and both sides are preparing for a desperate struggle. Da Fonseca is said to be expecting soon to be in a position to move upon Rio Grande do Sul with an army of 60,000 men, while leaving his rear and base of operations protected by a strong reserve force of troops. If this should be the case there will be some terrible fighting and much loss of life. It now appears that the revolutionary movement has been brewing for some time past, and that Da Fonseca's action in dissolving congress and assuming the authority of dictator was only the occasion which brought matters to a head.

Charge of Corruption.

For a long time past there has been a strong and growing sentiment in Rio Grande do Sul and elsewhere against the alleged mismanagement of the national finances and other matters of importance to the country at large. Open charges of corruption and fraud have been made and the coming of a revolutionary storm was apprehended in many quarters. So much so, that, for months past, arms and ammunition in considerable quantities have been smuggled into Rio Grande do Sul, which fact has enabled the junta to so quickly organize an army. A committee appointed by the junta has gone to Montevideo, capital of Uruguay, in order to try and prevail upon that country to observe the strictest neutrality so far as allowing Da Fonseca's troops to pass through Uruguayan territory is concerned. Incidentally, however, this committee is charged with the purchase of arms and ammunition for the use of the Nationalist forces. According to the official advices received by the Brazilian minister here, Rio Janeiro is perfectly tranquil and is likely to remain so. The dictator is reported to have 20,000 troops in and about Rio Janeiro. The Nationalist party, within a few days, expects a considerable portion of the navy to declare itself in support of the junta.

Victory for the Rebels.

Another regiment is said to have abandoned Da Fonseca's cause and to be marching to join the junta's troops and the garrisons of six towns are said to have done the same. It is said that the entire Brazilian fleet at Itaguibi has joined the National party. This statement it should be added needs confirmation. Fighting between the dictator's troops and the Nationalists is again reported from Itaqui. The dictator's troops at Itaqui have surrendered and have joined issue with their captors. This places another arsenal with a further stock of arms and ammunition in the possession of the insurgents.

Illinois Federation of Labor.

ALTON, Nov. 14.—The Illinois State Federation of Labor closed the deliberations of its ninth annual session here yesterday afternoon, having had the best meeting in its history. The election of officers occurred in the morning. President, John C. Harding, Chicago; vice president, John Bomber, Quincy; secretary-treasurer, William H. Rippe, Alton. The next annual convention will be held at Ottawa.

Ammunition Sent Overland.

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.—Orders were received at the Brooklyn navy yard Friday to have the Atlanta, Bennington and Concord ready for sea Saturday. An important part of Secretary Tracy's order was that 100,000 six-pound cartridges be sent immediately to San Francisco by express. This is the first time since the war hat ammunition has been sent overland.

ABDUCTED HIS OWN WIFE.

Sensational Affair Which Occurred at Cairo, Ills.

CAIRO, Nov. 17.—A Seymour, Ind., dentist named Archer arrived in this city a few days ago with his bride of a few months to visit her mother, Mrs. John Major. He had no money, it is said, but his mother-in-law has, and he is said to have attempted to force a division. Failing in this, he told his bride she could stay a few days while he went to Duquoin.

Dressed Only in Her Robe de Nuit.

He bought two tickets to Vincennes instead, and Monday morning at 5 o'clock he drove to the house for his wife. She fused to go, and, seizing her, clad only in her night clothes, he bore her, struggling and screaming, to a carriage. The uproar alarmed the neighborhood to see the unique spectacle of a man abducting his own wife. Her mother followed on foot through the rain, but only reached the depot in time to see her daughter borne into a Big Four train that at once pulled out.

COLLISION ON THE RAIL.

Two Firemen Killed and an Engineer Fatally Injured in the Wreck.

DETROIT, Nov. 17.—A special to The News from Cadillac, Mich., says: A head on collision took place at 7:30 o'clock Tuesday morning on the Grand Rapids and Indiana railroad at Gilbert, ten miles north of Cadillac. A freight going north and the morning passenger train from Traverse City came together. James Smith of Grand Rapids, engineer of the passenger train, was fatally injured, and his fireman, whose name is unknown, was killed. Dennis Murray, engineer of the freight train, was seriously injured, and his fireman, Tom Pickle, was killed. Ten passengers are reported seriously injured.

John Hoey in Court.

TRENTON, N. J., Nov. 17.—John Hoey, the deposed president of the Adams Express company, accompanied by his counsel Elihu Root, and three associate attorneys, appeared in the United States circuit court Monday, when argument was begun before Judge Green on the cross bill filed by Mr. Hoey, in which he denies any wrong doing, asks the court to enjoin the company from disposing of the Southern Express company stock and parting with other securities deposited by him as collateral for loans. The argument was not concluded, and the matter was adjourned until Dec. 1.

Elopers Arrested.

BUFFALO, Nov. 17.—Detectives arrested George Ales and Lulu Devore, at the Sherman House, International Bridge, where they had registered under assumed names. Ales is a married man from Dayton, O., whence he eloped with Miss Devore last Wednesday. The latter is an heiress and beautiful, while her lover is almost repulsive in appearance. After considerable persuason and a promise that her friends would withdraw a warrant for Ales in Buffalo, Miss Devore consented to return to Dayton.

Wanted to Fight a Duel.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Nov. 17.—A duel was to have been fought at Moucrief Springs, near here, between H. V. Sevier, editor of The Evening Telegram and Benjamin Harrison, editor of The Standard, and a nephew of ex-Mayor Carter Harrison of Chicago. The Telegram has been publishing a colored society column and Harrison ridiculed it in his paper. The Telegram retorted, reflecting on Harrison as a coward and liar. Harrison challenged Sevier. The matter leaked out and both were arrested

Strike of 40,000 Coal Miners.

PARIS, Nov. 17.—A dispatch from Lens, near Arras, in the Pass-des-Calais department, announces that 12,000 of the 40,000 coal miners who are expected to strike in that section within the next few days, went out on a strike yesterday. The companies had been allowed until Nov. 15 to accept the proposals of the strikers, but they decided on Nov. 13 not to yield in the slightest degree to the demands made upon them.

Robbed by a Trusted Rascal.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 17 — Herman Gruenbaum, an old and trusted employe of the Bergner & Engle Brewing company, has been arrested, charged with embezzling upward of $10,000 from his employers. He held the position of weigher, and had the authority to stamp all the kegs that left the brewery, and to weigh all the material that came in and went out.

Illness of Comedian Florence.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 17.—William J. Florence, the great American actor, who lies stricken with pneumonia in his rooms at the Continental hotel, showed slight improvement Monday, though the critical stage has not yet been passed. While the hope of their patient's recovery is brighter, the physicians are compelled to announce that at any moment the change may come.

The Switchmen's Strike at Toledo.

NORWALK, O., Nov. 17.—The strike of the switchmen in the Wheeling and Lake Erie yards at Toledo was given a new phase Monday by Norwalk switchmen refusing to switch trains made up by the new men. Brakemen, firemen and freight conductors now present demands which if not complied with will probably tie up the whole road.

No Pool-Selling in Missouri.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Nov. 17.—The supreme court Monday readered a decision declaring the pool room bill constitutional. This overrules the decision recently given by Judge Claiborne, of the circuit court of this city, and will have the effect of prohibiting the keeping of pool rooms and the making of books in the state.

Finished Its Labors.

ROME, Nov. 17.—The peace congress has adjourned after resolving that all questions between the powers should be decided by arbitration. Delegate Howard earnestly urged that an appeal be made to all Christians to prevent war, but the proposal was voted down, apparently because it was confined to Christians.

Railway Men Threaten to Strike.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 17.—Employes of the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Memphis road threaten to strike unless they get higher wages and fewer hours. These demands were presented to the officers of the road and refused.

An 8-Year-Old Horsethief.

NORWALK, Conn., Nov. 17.—Henry Cockefur, who is only 8 years old but has stolen three horses and their turnouts, was sentenced to the Meriden reform school during his minority.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Important Events of a Week Boiled Down to Short Meter.

The socialists are preparing to make a warm attack in the reichstag upon any measure proposed in pursuance of the kaiser's new hobby of enforcing personal morals by law.

P. W. Nally, who was sentenced at the Cork assizes in 1883 to ten years' penal servitude for complicity in the Cross Mollina conspiracy cases, died in Mount Joy prison. Had he lived he would have been liberated Nov. 27 for good behavior.

The French senate has passed a bill regulating the hours of labor of women and children.

Examination of the accounts of the Ulster County Savings institution, at Kingston, N. Y., shows that Ostrander and Trumpbour stole $581,331.

John B inkman and H. Sebelt, cigarmakers, were drowned in the Vermillion river, near Vermillion, S. D., while duck hunting. Their boat capsized and sunk, but Fred Larson, a companion, escaped.

L. F. Faulk attempted suicide at Waterloo, Ia., by shooting himself in the head first with a rifle and then with a revolver. It is thought he cannot live. No cause is assigned for the deed.

The Emir of Bokhara has issued a decree prohibiting the marriage of lepers. It appears that lepers have been for generations past in the habit of intermarrying with each other.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Osborne of Knoxville, will soon celebrate the seventy second anniversary of their marriage. They are respectively 101 and 92 years old, and have 290, descendants.

Saturday the visible supply of grain was: Wheat, 38,971,951 bushels; increase, 2,740,193 bushels. Corn, 2,811,961 bushels; increase, 240,544 bushels.

Stock to the amount of $5,600,000 of the Monon railway has been issued for the purpose of improving the road.

About 25,000 Democratic votes only were polled in Kansas Nov. 3.

* * *

The steamer Oceanic, sailing the other day, took over 800 Chinese who were going home to the flowery kingdom to spend the holidays.

Arion, a 2-year-old colt owned by Senator Standford, trotted a mile without a break in 2:10½ at Stockton, Cal.

At Boston a young man entered the office of J. C. Davis, a money lender, grabbed a roll of bills amounting to about $1,000, dashed into the street, and escaped capture.

The official vote of Hamilton county, O., gives McKinley a plurality over Campbell of 5,776.

Marquette, Mich., will beat electric street cars with electricity. The expense will be $42 per car. The same current supplying motive power will supply heaters.

It is said that agents of the Canadian government will visit farmers in several of the northern states and endeavor to induce them to locate in Manitoba and the northwest.

Joseph Hilda, a Syrian peddler, is missing from Wilkesbarre, Pa., and there are suspicions that he has been murdered.

Burglars entered Crumbaker's general store at Cooksville, Ills., and secured several hundred dollars' worth of jewelry, cutlery, guns, etc.

A traveling salesman for a Cincinnati diamond firm left a gripsack containing $20,000 worth of diamonds in a car while he went out to get some lunch at Dayton, O. When he returned the grip was gone.

The value of gold deposited at United States mints for the last fiscal year was $59,625,678, more than $10,000,000 greater than the previous year. Silver deposits and purchases were 71,869,663 ounces, nearly 30,000,000 more than last year.

William Reading, aged 5, of Trenton, N. J., died of hydrophobia. He was bitten by a dog on Aug. 19.

Philadelphia supports six day nurseries in which 87,255 little ones have been fed the past year. The children usually range from 3 months to 8 years.

The authorities of West Haven, Conn., fined twenty bicyclists $5 each for riding on the sidewalk.

* * *

Louis Thompson, a slater, working on the roof of the new city hall at La Crosse, Wis., fell 100 feet and was instantly killed. He went to La Crosse from St. Paul and has no known relatives.

The state of Idaho has applied for 10,000 square feet of space in the World's fair mines and mining building for a display of minerals.

The Quebec Steamship company, operating the New York, Bermuda and West India line, has agreed to bring government exhibits to the World's fair free. Half rate is granted on the exhibits of individuals.

The National Base Ball league at New York has awarded the pennant to Boston, finding that the charges of the Chicago club were untenable. A resolution was passed providing for a 25 cent admission to special seats. Mr. Young was re-elected president, secretary and treasurer.

The czar has turned over the many presents sent him at his wedding anniversary to the famine fund.

C. W. Williams of Independence, Ia., has offered to book ten high-bred fillies by Allerton to Arion, season of 1893, at $2,500 each.

Snow has fallen all over the northwest in the past twenty-four hours.

Slavin says he will sail for New York on the Germanic Nov. 29, with the intention of forcing Sullivan to make a match or retire.

Judge Zane of Salt Lake City, Utah, has rendered judgment escheating from the Mormon church the tithing office, Gardo house, historian office and church farm.

Wheat is selling in Washington at 97 cents and $1 per bushel.

The tin-plate industry has become so depressed at Swansea, Wales, that the factories are to be closed. The depression is attributed to the McKinley tariff law.

At the first meeting of the world's Women's Christian Temperance Union at Boston Miss Francis E. Willard was elected president. A resolution asking that the World's fair be closed on Sunday was adopted.

The recent rains have subdued the destructive forest fires in southwestern Michigan, and no further damage to property is feared.

Miss Nellie Mandsley, aged 18 years, was found dead at Anamosa, Ia. She had been missing some time, and is supposed to have died from a fit.

* * *

Photographer Bell of Washington was decided against in his suit against the Henderson-Achet Krebs Lithographing company for illegal publication of Mrs. Cleveland's picture. No damages were proved.

An unknown man threw himself in front of a swiftly moving train at Superior, Wis. The inquest failed to develop his identity.

Stephen Remer, a farmer living near Huron, S. D., was killed during a storm by a windmill blowing down on him.

Stephen Douglas, a farmer who lived near Warsaw, Ind., was drowned by falling head first into a spring while intoxicated.

Fire at Addison, Mich., did $50,000 damages; partly insured

Sept. 29, 1892, has been fixed by the executive committee and the council of administration of the Grand Army of the Republic as the date for the next grand encampment, which will be held at Washington.

The Grand Duke Vladimir is in Paris negotiating for the purchase of 500,000 rifles for the Russian army.

In the French chamber of deputies a motion by M. Lauer demanding the expulsion of the Jewish bankers from France, was rejected—431 to 32.

The twenty-seven breweries in Cincinnati, Covington and Newport are likely to be consolidated.

Four of the University of Illinois foot ball team have been so badly injured as to incapacitate them from taking part in games

Hugh M. Bercaw, convicted of perjury at Frankfort, Ind., has been granted a new trial.

The statement of the controller of the currency shows that bank deposits in Chicago are $92,965,960, an increase of 12 per cent. within the year and in the face of a slight decrease throughout the country.

The national convention of bankers at New Orleans has adjourned. Richard M. Nelson of Selma, Ala., was elected president, and John Jay Knox, vice president.

Emperor Francis Joseph received delegates to the peace congress, and said that while he much desired a resort to universal arbitration he did not look for it speedily. He also spoke discouragingly of the prospect for continued European peace.

During the month of October 32,946 pensions were granted, the first payments on which aggregated $4,358,605.

* * *

The employes of the plush factory in East Bridgeport, Conn., most of whom are Englishmen, are disgusted at the way in which they have been treated by the concern. They say they were lured here by promises of higher wages and easy living, which have not materialized. Many of them have gone back to England.

The gross earnings of the Union Pacific road for September were $4,319,050, an increase of $265,103.

Eleven miners were killed and two were injured by an explosion of fire damp in a mine at Essen, Germany.

The ancient castle of the princely house of Furstenburg, at Werenweg, Wurtemberg, has been destroyed by fire.

The clearing house exchanges for the week show a comparative decrease of 13.1 per cent.

W. F. Baird, manager of the bank of Madera, at Madera, Cala., is said to be nearly $100,000 short in his accounts.

The Knights of Labor convention at Toled, O., has adopted resolutions to be presented to the Federation of Labor, intended to settle the difficulties between the two orders.

The Democratic editors of southern Illinois met at Centralia and organized an association for political work. F. W. Havill of Mount Carmel was elected president.

While Norman Roberts was driving along the road near Whitehall, Ills., a loaded gun fell from his wagon and was discharged, killing him instantly.

By ordinance the city council of Cleveland sought to reduce the price of gas from $1 to 60 cents The company demurred, asserting that it would be virtual confiscation of their property. United States Judge Jackson has made a ruling for the company, holding that the city had no right to fix the price of an article of which it was a consumer, or to impair the validity of a contract made with the gas company in 1846.

Joe Jefferson, owned by A. L. Sardig, paced four miles at Knoxville, Ia., in 10:10, thus lowering the world's record of 10:34½ made by Longfellow at San Francisco in 1861.

Starving peasants in Samara, Russia, strangled a boy of 18 in order to rob him of a rouble and a half.

St. Louis reports the first snow of the season. The snow was not heavy, and melted as fast as it fell.

* * *

The Farmers' Alliance of the Fourth congressional district of Michigan has purchased the South Huron Messenger, and will continue its publication as an Alliance organ.

Dr. J. W. Hathaway of Sioux City has brought suit against The Republican of Algona, Ia., for $10,000 damages for libel.

The Nevada state board of trade at large has adopted a resolution assuring western railroads that it will do its part to aid and encourage the first company that begins the construction of a line into that state.

An artesian well with a pressure of 125 pounds to the square inch and a flow of 320 gallons of water per minute has been struck on the Brayton ranch at Alpena, S. D.

The body of Edward Platzer, an Austrian stowaway, was found in the hold of the steamer Moravia. He had starved to death.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has by its peculiar merit and its wonderful cures won the confidence of the people, and is to-day the most popular blood purifier and strengthening medicine. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, dyspepsia, headache, kidney and liver complaint, catarrh, rheumatism, etc. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiar to itself.

Hood's Sarsaparilla sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dolla

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

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Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 21, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Nat C. Goodwin.

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—"Country Circus."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"Sinbad."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Primrose & West's Minstrels.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Texas Steer."

THE AUDITORIUM.
Corner Wabash avenue and Congress street.—Grand Opera.

CENTRAL MUSIC HALL.
Corner State and Randolph Streets.—The Stoddard Lectures.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"A Parlor Match."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"A Hole in the Ground."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

THE MURDER OF P. W. NALLY.

The fidelity of a large and respectable section of the Irish people to the national principle, and their gratitude to those who suffer and die for it, were well exemplified in Dublin last Sunday, on the occasion of the public funeral of P. W. Nally, the celebrated Irish Nationalist from Mayo, who recently died of gross ill treatment at Mountjoy prison, Dublin. The dispatch relating the event is as follows:

"DUBLIN, Nov. 15.—Dublin witnessed today another demonstration in honor of an Irish patriot, which recalled vividly the scenes of a few Sundays ago when Parnell's remains were laid to rest. With the exception of that great occasion, the funeral of P. W. Nally today was the most imposing affair of the kind that has been witnessed for many years. Nally's body had lain in state in the Carmelite church since Thursday, and had been visited by thousands of people daily. The coffin was decorated with the green flag of Ireland and covered with floral offerings. One of the wreaths bore the inscription: 'My martyred boy—from his heart broken mother.' Another motto read: 'My own darling, my murdered brother.' This was from his sister. Other striking mottoes were noticeable. The hearse was drawn by six horses, and the procession passed over almost exactly the same route followed by the Parnell cortege. A heavy rain poured down all day, making the scene a most gloomy one. Many houses were draped in mourning. There were ten bands of music in the procession, playing dirges and national anthems. Among the delegations having places in the line were the representatives of the League branches all over Ireland, members of the Gaelic Society, etc. All these societies carried appropriate banners. There were hundreds of Nally's friends and several families of his relatives among the mourners. James Stephens, the noted physical force leader of former days, was a conspicuous figure in the cortege. Redmond and Harrington were also present. There were a number of priests in attendance, but very few Healyites made their appearance. The interment took place at Glasnevin, and was accompanied by the rites of the Catholic church. The grave is located in what is known as the 'Patriots' Circle,' which contains the remains of a number of noted Fenians. Everything passed off quietly and in good order."

There is no doubt that the death of Mr. Nally under the circumstances of atrocity chronicled elsewhere in these columns, has moved profoundly the heart of National Ireland. He was, in the truest sense, a man of the people. Less adroit than Davitt, he had all the capability of that remarkable political contradiction, of attracting the masses of the people to him. There was no sacrifice that P. W. Nally would not have made for Ireland. In fact he sacrificed all that he could sacrifice when he gave up his life for his principles. His name will long be a rallying cry in Mayo—that county which possesses the most modern traditions of '98; which saw the landing of the French—too weak, alas! in numbers, and witnessed the rout of Lake and Hutchinson from the battlefield of Castlebar. Mayo may have her faults, but cowardice is not one of them. Her untrained peasantry, in 1798, shoulder to shoulder with Humbert's handful of Frenchmen, emulated the glorious deeds of Wexford, and like "the boys of Wexford," will live immortally in the militant history of Ireland. Nally, like Parnell, is no more, but his spirit lives. Connacht, the eldest daughter of Ireland, worships his memory, and the motherland has placed the garland of affection on the grave of her faithful and gallant son.

And still we pray that from his clay
Full many a race may start
Of true men, like you men,
To act as brave a part.

Following is a true copy of one of the last letters in regard to the Parnell trial smuggled out of prison by brave Nally, over the signature of "Guardie," given him by his friends:

"MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND DAISY—I know that you will be glad to hear from me. I can fancy the eagerness with which my friends each day read over the pages of the *Freeman*, to see if P.W. had become *a stag*. Well many who expected that were sadly astray of their opinions. I am convinced there were none of my Westport friends expecting that result, or, in fact, any of the Old Guard, God bless them. I am only sorry the scoundrels didn't take me to the court. It would be a memorable event, as I was prepared to suffer any punishment, and whilst there I would give the murdering, priesthunting, forging, lying pair of perjurers a lot of my mind. I really felt inclined to *brain Thompson*, but kept as quiet as possible, expecting to be taken down. Liberty and gold we had to get, but our friends see we were *so foolish* as not to accept what was flung at our heads. Not that we deserve any merit for our action, as *every man should do his duty* and require no praise. Unfortunately people nowadays do all for the purpose of being spoken well of, or for other baser reasons. Let us not take credit to ourselves for the part we acted, for of ourselves we could do nothing, if God didn't give us grace to resist evil. Those unfortunate informers are therefore more to be pitied than anything else. Kind remembrances, to all. I got your Xmas card *to look at*, then had to give it up to the officials. How are all my friends? I trust all are well and doing *good* in spite of obstacles. Tell them that I was never half so good as at the present time. Although I am locked in cells and punishment hanging over my head for saying '*God Save Ireland*' at the railway station, you see that we can blink them with all their lynx eyed officials. Is Maggie S. married? Who was the Miss M—— that got married there? Tell 'R' that there are a fine lot of fellows here, and that he shall see some of them yet. Any news of Joe McK.? I wish there were many of *his stamp*. I saw all about Colman Lander. It is certainly amusing. I wonder they were so badly instructed after all the pains taken to train them. I hear Preston lives there. Adieu, with best wishes to friends and love to self. Ever your true friend,

GUARDIE."

BALFOUR'S STUPID BILL.

The disappearance of the mighty figure of Charles Stewart Parnell from the troubled arena of Anglo Irish politics has given the fierce enemies and false friends of Ireland's liberty renewed determination to retard the progress of her final deliverance. England, having recovered from all her recent panic, is now, if possible, more insolent than ever. She is murdering by inches, as she has already murdered that brave and true Irishman, P. W. Nally, the political prisoners who still remain in her grasp. The Liberals, so called, have become exceedingly reticent relative to their Home Rule proposals, and Balfour, who is now leader of the Tories in the commons, has produced from his mountain of statesmanship in labor not even a small and intelligent mouse, but a paltry blind mole, which is the laughing stock of all thinking men the world over. The summary of his precious local government bill is telegraphed in the following terms beneath the Atlantic:

"LONDON, Nov. 14.—At the cabinet council yesterday the draft of an Irish local government bill, which has been prepared by Mr. Balfour, was displayed by the ministers. The bill, as now shaped, does not give Ireland county councils upon the plan adopted in England, and completely sets at naught the 'one man one vote' principle, which is becoming the recognized basis of suffrage in Great Britain. The largest rate payers are to have a proportionate power to elect representatives to the council, wealth being the one qualification for special electoral privileges. The powers of the grand jury are extended, but members of it are to be nominated by the high sheriff of each county, his selection being made from the men who are free holders to the value of £100 in real estate. The imperial government is to retain perfect control of the county councils in all their proceedings by having the power of veto over all their decisions. It will also keep its control of the appointment of officials in Ireland. The bill will be received with derision by the Home Rulers, and deservedly so. It is merely a mockery of Irish aspirations for self government, and is likely to excite more pronounced opposition than ever to the chicanery of the Conservative government and the mottled Balfourian policy."

The carrying out of Balfour's programme would change the form, but not the method of Irish county government. Everything would be thrown again into the hands of the landlords and the richer class of farmers. The small land holders would have about as little chance of a fair deal as they have now. Originally Balfour intended to bring in a more liberal bill, but, encouraged by the disintegration of the Irish Parliamentary party, the death of Parnell, and the renewal of the faction fight in Cork and elsewhere, the Tories associated with him in the cabinet insisted upon modification to suit their ideas, and carried their point.

The Liberals, if they are even commonly honest in their intentions, have now a capital chance to inflame the constituencies against the Tories. Balfour's bill is too weak and stupid and generally unsatisfactory to stand the fierce criticism of the Whig Radicals. It will be laughed out of existence.

CLEVELAND ON PARNELL.

IN replying to an invitation to attend the Parnell memorial meeting recently held in New York, the Hon Grover Cleveland, ex president of the United States, wrote as follows: "I am a staunch believer in the doctrine of Home Rule, and have not failed to appreciate the labors in this cause of the man whose services you propose to commemorate. For what he accomplished and sought to accomplish for Home Rule he deserved to be honored by all those who have a free and representative government; but his aims and purposes had their rise so completely in patriotism, and his unselfish love for his countrymen was so conspicuous and disinterested that the reverence and devotion due to the memory of a patriot should always be associated with his name. The influence of his example, surely, ought not to be lost upon those who take up the work to which he so thoroughly consecrated all his efforts and aspirations."

THE PROGRESS OF RUSSIA.

[*Editorial Correspondence.*]

Nothing can prove more plainly that Russia is a rising nation than the fact of her literature becoming popular. No nation ever was, or ever can be great without a great literature. To begin with the oldest of nations, Egypt, she had a literature, and if we can judge by the samples that remain, it was a great one. Greece and Rome are no more famed for political power than for their literature. To come nearer home, it may be seen that while every effort Ireland has made for more than 200 years to throw off the yoke of her conquerors, has ended in disaster and defeat, her literature is attracting more attention now than it perhaps ever did. Thus, while her complete political well-being may be far away in the future, the fact of her literature becoming popular, is a plain indication that Ireland is not dead but alive, and that she will yet become a nation. The parallels that can be drawn between Russia and Ireland in regard to their literatures, are not exactly of the same nature; it is Ireland's ancient literature that is beginning to attract attention, whereas it is the modern literature of Russia that is making her famous. Ireland is growing into notice through what her writers achieved a thousand years ago, but Russia is attracting attention by what her writers are writing now. Ireland may, and probably will have two great literary epochs just as Italy has had. Dante and Boccacio lose nothing by comparison with Virgil and Cicero; neither do "Craoibhin Aoibhin" and "Patraic" lose their fame when compared with the men who compiled the "Feilere" of Angus and the Book of Leinster.

The suddenness with which Russian literature has sprung into existence, is one of the marvels of the century. Fifty years ago a book in Russian was hardly more thought of in western Europe than a book in Chocktaw. Foreigners who went to Russia never dreamed of learning her language, for beyond a few newspapers and homilies, there was nothing of it. From the time of Peter the Great down to a few years ago, French might be said to be the only language of civilized Russians, and Russian books were curiosities. But it is not so now; all has been changed, and Russian literature has sprung into existence, full fledged, as it were, from the earth.

The world has never seen anything so extraordinarily sudden as the growth of Russian literature. It has dazzled Europe by its sudden appearance, and by its brightness. The learned of America and Europe have not yet made a study of the Russian language; but once its literature becomes known to them by translations, the language in which so many noble ideas have appeared will be studied by outsiders for the sake of what has been written in it. Russia is conquering and becoming great in more ways than one. Her writers are making greater conquests than her generals. Tourgenieff and Tolstoi have given her more fame than have Skobeleff or Suwarrow.

If it were not for Russian oppression of Poland, the whole civilized world would rejoice at the progress of Russia. Poland is her Ireland, and as long as she continues to hold and oppress the Poles, she never can have the love of the world, no matter how great her progress may be. But there are evident signs that Russia will have a more liberal government ere long. One of the most hopeful things relating to that country is the discontent of so many of its educated people with its present form of government. Nihilism is nothing but a protest against tyranny. The execution and banishment of millions of Russians will not arrest or stop it. Nothing will put an end to Nihilism but governmental reform. This is sure to come in the long run, and when it does come, Poland will certainly be relieved from most of the evils she now suffers, and may be granted home rule, or some sort of autonomy. It would, however, seem from recent events that Germany is as much a persecutor of the Poles as Russia is. Russia has never attempted to buy them out of their own country, but Germany has passed a law to compel the Polish landed proprietors of that part of Poland that she grabbed to sell their lands to German purchasers. If Russia had done such an act, how the English press would cry shame! But Germany is a sort of ally of England, and England says "ne'er a word."

Russia is progressing with giant strides in other things besides her literature. She has just undertaken the building of a railway system more gigantic than anything the world has yet seen. She has actually commenced two lines of railway that will traverse Siberia from east to west. The principal one of them will be 6,006 miles in length, or twice the distance from New York to San Francisco. She has long ago completed the line from the Caspian Sea to Samarcand, most of it through a desert of shifting sand which had to be sown with a certain species of plant that will grow only in a desert, before the rails could be laid. The roots of this plant hold the sand together, and prevent it from covering the track whenever the winds blow.

Russia has today a hundred and twenty millions of people. In two generations more, at her present rate of increase, she will have over two hundred millions. She is slowly but surely narrowing the distance between herself and India. If she can take India from England, she will have as good a right to do so as England had to take it from the Indians. With the single exception of Poland, Russia has been a benefactress of the countries she has conquered. If she takes India from the English, India will certainly be benefitted by the change of masters.

Those who direct the government of France have acted well and wisely by forming an alliance with Russia. France and Russia united may laugh at the growls and snarls of the Triple Alliance, even with England at its back. R.

THE controversy raging between Timothy Harrington, M. P., and William O'Brien, M.P., relative to the Boulogne conference goes to prove nothing except that somebody is either lying or has a very poor memory.

BRIDGET CUNNINGHAM, born in Ireland in 1784, died recently in Alameda, Cal. Her husband, Tim Cunningham, figures in Charles Lever's story of "Tom Burke of Ours," and her daughter, known as Kate Townsend, was a few years ago one of the notorieties of New Orleans.—*Ex.*

THE death is announced of Madame O'Donoghue, Ballinahown Court, Athlone. The deceased lady was the widow of The O'Donoghue of the Glens, a prominent figure in Irish politics twenty years ago.

A COMMITTEE consisting of Capt. D. F. Bremner, Mr. William J Onahan, Hon. P. T Barry and other members of the Columbus club called upon the Earl of Aberdeen and his wife to thank them for the interest they exhibited in the exposition of Irish products at the approaching World's Fair.

MICHAEL DAVITT has publicly and vehemently denounced Timothy Healy, M P., for his venomous attacks on the widow of Mr. Parnell. THE CITIZEN is glad that Davitt has taken this course. Healy's billingsgate is useful to nobody but the common enemy.

Crystal Wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. James J. Murphy celebrated the anniversary of their fifteenth year in wedded bliss last Saturday evening, the 14th inst., at their home, No. 4015 Dearborn street. A large and brilliant assemblage was present to bid them God speed and happy recurrences of the event in the number of years allotted to mankind. The beautiful and appropriate presents bestowed by their friends showed in what esteem the couple are held. They were married in Cleveland, Ohio, fifteen years ago, and two beautiful girls, Lizzie and Mamie, have blessed their union. Mrs. Murphy, *nee* Mahon, is a native of Ohio. Her parents were born in Wexford, and came of sturdy blood. Mr. Murphy was born in Carlow, and boasts of the blood that gave a Father Murphy to lead the Shelmaliers of Wexford in the memorable struggle of 98. Mr. Murphy is a member of many patriotic Irish organizations. Among the many friends present were the following: Mr John Egan, Miss Lucy Irwin, Mr. John Gorman, Miss Annie Lynch, Mr. and Mrs Henry Probie, Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Roy, Mr. and Miss Laura Cannovan, Mr. and Mrs. John Byrne, Mr. and Mrs. John McGilroy, Mr. and Mrs. George Frost, Mr Henry Kelley, Mr. Charles Lenning, Mr. and Mrs. James L. Carey, Mr. and Mrs. John Tulloch, Mr William Tulloch, Mr. and Mrs D E Baker, Miss Kate Kearney, Mr. Emely Werther, Miss Clara Werther, Miss Lizzie Tulloch, Miss Annie Lenning, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Simmer, Mr. Michael McClowery, Mr. Charles Brennan, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Burke, Mr. James Powers and sisters Margaret and Mary, Mr. and Mrs E M. Wineman, Mr. and Mrs James Woods, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Graper and Mr. William Graper. Good cheer supplemented by an informal dance closed the happy event, and all left wishing the couple a recurrence of the anniversary—on their silver, golden, and diamond weddings.

MURDER MOST FOUL.

Details of the Inhuman Treatment of the Late P. W. Nally in English Prisons.

Russian Barbarity Eclipsed by the English Government.

DUBLIN, Nov. 17.—The death of P. W. Nally, the noted Irish Nationalist who died Monday, the 9th inst., in Mountjoy prison, Dublin, and whose remains were interred in Glasnevin cemetery last Sunday, will undoubtedly prove one of the sensational features of the battle to be fought in parliament immediately after the reassembling of the houses. For once it is expected that the sympathies of even some of the more rabid Tories will be enlisted in the approaching inquiry, for it is claimed that Nally's death was directly due to hard and infamous treatment received at the hands of the keepers of Millbank prison, London, where Nally was detained previous to being transferred to Mountjoy prison. The friends of Nally are not the only people to make these charges. They are not party charges, nor the usual charges made by Irish Nationalists against the keepers of English prisons in which they have been unfortunate enough to sojourn.

The charges made were the result of a careful inquiry into the facts made by an unbiased coroner's jury, which, after hearing a great deal of testimony for and against the charges made, after examining the keepers of the two prisons and eliciting from them some most startling admissions, yesterday rendered a well considered verdict to the effect that P. W. Nally, instead of dying of typhoid fever, as announced by the prison officials, died from the effects of harsh and cruel treatment in Millbank prison. This treatment, according to the verdict of the coroner's jury, so shattered Nally's health that he was practically in a dying condition when transferred to Mountjoy prison.

It was also intimated at the inquest that this transfer was not made with the intention of in any way benefitting the prisoner's health, but simply in order to prevent him from dying in Millbank prison. It was the idea of the prison officials, it is claimed, that if Nally died in an Irish jail the matter would not attract so much attention as if he died in the heart of London. It was also their theory, according to the charges made, that it would be unwise, not to say dangerous, to have the keepers of Millbank prison examined publicly before a London coroner's jury. Recent happenings in regard to so called hushed up deaths have made the London newspapers very suspicious of coroner's inquests, and there is no doubt that for some time to come it will be difficult for London coroners to conceal anything from the public gaze. Hence, it is claimed, when it was seen that Nally must soon succumb to the course of ill treatment he had been subjected to, his removal to Mountjoy was decided upon.

INCONVENIENT FOR THE LIBERALS

It is probable also that very damaging disclosures will be made in parliament regarding the character of the testimony upon which Nally was convicted. Every witness against him was a professional informer, like the notorious Patrick Delany, and there was not a scrap of any other kind of evidence. He was admittedly an old school Fenian, but his friends have always claimed that he had neither connection nor sympathy with the outrages for which he was sent to prison. He belonged to the "gentleman farmer" class who never take part in such, but the police knew his influence with the separatist Nationalists, and wanted to get him out of the way.

Wm O'Brien, John Dillon and Justin McCarthy have had their attention called to this matter, and they are already arming themselves with facts gathered from the coroner's inquest and elsewhere in order to be prepared to make the death of Nally a battering ram with which to make a powerful onslaught upon the Conservative government and take the wind out of the sails of their rivals. Mr. Gladstone's attention has also been called to the matter, and it is expected that he will not let such a chance of pummeling the Tories escape him easily. But, as Nally was convicted while Mr. Gladstone was in office, the reopening of his case may prove highly inconvenient to the Liberals, just as the Daly case did for Sir William Harcourt.

ENGLAND NO BETTER THAN RUSSIA.

The Irish members intend to make the death of Nally the basis for asking for a full and public inquiry into the treatment of Irish prisoners. They claim that such an investigation will show that the British government's treatment of Irish political prisoners is little, if anything, behind that accorded by the czar's government to political offenders in Russia. But Liberals and Tories alike are responsible for this state of things. Allowing for all exaggeration, this parliamentary inquiry, if made, will undoubtedly prove of great interest to the general public, for it is pretty generally admitted that some of the so called Fenian prisoners have been treated in a manner hardly justified in Great Britain.

An Irish member of parliament who has taken a great interest in Nally's fate, referring to the facts given above, said today: "You have very little idea of the cruelty with which Irish political prisoners are treated. There is an idea in some quarters that anything an Irishman may say against the British government, against the police or constabulary or against British prisons must beyond any doubt be grossly exaggerated or highly ridiculous. As a fact, however, not one half of the real truth is known in connection with British abuse of power when Irishmen are concerned. If we succeed in obtaining the appointment of a commission to inquire into the treatment Irish political prisoners receive, there will be some facts unearthed which will cause Siberian methods to be thrown into the shade."

P. W. Nally was sentenced at the Cork assizes, in 1883, to ten years' penal servitude for complicity in the Crossmolina conspiracy cases. Mr. Gladstone was then premier, Sir William Harcourt home secretary, and Sir George Trevelyan chief secretary for Ireland. The friends of the deceased in Dublin have determined to assist the Irish members of parliament in every way possible in their efforts to bring about the public inquiry into the treatment of Irish political prisoners and the methods of their conviction.

REFUSED TO SWEAR AGAINST PARNELL.

It is said that Nally had been fairly well treated, such as convict treatment is in England and Ireland, until the time of the Parnell commission. His refusal to testify before that body in support of the charges made by the London *Times* sealed his fate. From that moment he was a marked man. He was first subjected to ill usage in Downpatrick jail, but it did not break his spirit. While he and others were being removed from Downpatrick to London he cried out with some of his companions: "God save Ireland; confound her enemies." The guards at once set upon Nally as a victim, and although others were as guilty of shouting for Ireland, they punished him only. He was subjected to a loss of "marks," which was equivalent to an increase of ten and one-half days in his sentence, or rather the loss of the regular legal remission. From that time out he was looked upon as incorrigible, and there seemed to be a deliberate purpose to get rid of him. He was punished on the slightest pretext, and frequently confined to his cell for long periods, sometimes twenty two out of twenty-four hours. Every petty tyranny handed down through generations of English prison keeping was exercised upon him until he became entirely broken down in health.

The once powerful man was gradually and surely wasting away under the strain of perpetual insult and abuse. When sentenced he was considered one of the strongest men in Ireland, and he was an athlete famous from Cork to Belfast, and his strong, well knit frame, when he presented himself in some championship contest, was often the subject of admiration. His corpse is that of a physical wreck, of a man reduced to a skeleton frame that showed in its bony massiveness what the once proud athlete had been. Nally's relatives could scarcely recognize the face as that of the man whom they had known in his prime. The prison doctors reluctantly admitted that Nally never complained of illness without good cause, and many of his attacks of sickness had gone unrecorded. He was ill for eleven days before the prison physicians took sufficient pains to diagnose that he had typhoid fever. For four days he was in his cell unable to eat and vomiting before he was removed to the infirmary. During these four days whatever chance of life he may have had was lost. Although it was known as early as Oct. 19 that Nally had typhoid fever, yet he continued to be doped with purgatives until November. This conduct on the part of intelligent physicians is hard to explain on any theory consistent with a desire that Nally should live. As for the keepers, it is said that one or more of them frequently expressed a fervent wish for Nally to die. They did not want his story to go to the world, from his own lips, at least.

As Nally's illness progressed toward the final scene no steps were taken to inform his relatives of the approaching end. His brother, Dr. Nally, learned of it accidentally and hastened to apply for admission. This was grudgingly granted. As night approached the brother stood by the bedside of the dying man, holding the chilly hand in his grasp. Suddenly a keeper approached and roughly said: "You must go. No visitors are allowed in the prison after nightfall." The brother begged for leave to remain, but the keeper insisted and at length rudely pushed Dr. Nally toward the door. The dying man in bed made a faint motion, as if he remembered his former athletic days and would fain have gone to the rescue of his brother. Then he sank back exhausted on the pillow and Dr. Nally was ejected from the prison. Half an hour later the prisoner was freed by death.

IRELAND AT THE FAIR.

[*To the Editor.*]

Having read a letter by Mr. William Lane, entitled as above, I beg the favor of being allowed a little space in your columns. I wish to say I heartily advocate Mr. Lane's suggestions regarding Ireland at the Fair. He said if the people of this country would give some encouragement to those on the other side they would be willing to go to more expense to have their exhibits on a larger scale, independent of Great Britain. A large display of Irish goods here would mean a great demand for them in American markets. Also that she ought to be represented here as a nation, and that ten or fifteen millions reverenced the toast of "Ireland a Nation." Now let me appeal to all those who reverence that time-honored toast to represent her as such in this "land of the free." Men and women of Ulster, Munster, Leinster and Connaught cast aside party and politics and unite with heart and hand in this most important project of your country's welfare. Let us help by our efforts and contributions our struggling brethren in our beloved old country to make the exhibit worthy of them and a source of pride to those who will represent them here. I am only a working girl and I will give $10, and can guarantee others willing to give the same. I am sure the World's Fair Commissioners in this great city will give us ardent support. Do not have our country's exhibits represented with those of our oppressors; no, let them see we can, at least in America, throw off their yoke and prove to the people of our adopted country that we can compete with any of them. Before Columbus was known or thought of Ireland flourished as a nation, with her arts, manufactures, and above all, her learning. Alas! what a change! but in spite of those who try to crush us we will, like our faith, be triumphant and free yet. We do not want other nations to point us out with scorn and say why doesn't Ireland represent herself? We will, or not at all. Have a committee formed and a subscription list opened, and success will be achieved. Such an able, energetic man as Mr Lane would be an ardent worker in the cause. And again appealing to your patriotism for fatherland I will conclude with those lines by our immortal poet Moore, so often quoted by Ireland's great tribune, Daniel O'Connell:

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea;
I would hail thee with prouder and happier brow,
But oh, could I love thee more deeply then now?

AN IRISH GIRL.

Playing Cards.

You can obtain a pack of best quality playing cards by sending fifteen cents in postage to P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C., M. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

A MEMENTO TO CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

Oh Ireland, dear, with thee we mourn;
Now, low a patriot hero lies;
Thy noblest and thy bravest born
At rest, beneath the autumn skies!

For thee he bore a weighty cross,
And long he battled 'gainst the tide,—
O Erin! now lament your loss,—
Where was your pity, love and pride?

Oh! name another if you can,
Who has as much for Ireland done—
As great, as good an Irishman—
Such pure devotion in a son!

Who now, in parliament will fight?
Who now will lead you in your woes?
He would have sacrificed his life,
To shield you from the British foes.

But now he'll never set you free;
His weary task below is done:
A glorious martyr shall he be—
His great reward, at last, is won.

DELIA CROWLEY.
A School Girl.

Kansas City, Mo.

OBITUARY.

MR JAMES HEALY, HOUGHTON, MICH.

Mr. James Healy, one of the most esteemed and beloved citizens of Houghton, Mich., died recently after a brief illness. He leaves a disconsolate wife and several children. Mourning for him is universal throughout the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. Mr. Healy held the office of president of the common council of Houghton at the time of his death. That body met on Wednesday evening, Nov. 11 and passed resolutions in honor of their deceased head. They were couched in the following complimentary terms:

"It has become the sad duty of this board to record the death of its president, who departed this life after a brief illness at his house in this village on the 9th day of November, 1891.

"James Healy, our deceased president, has been a resident of Houghton county for thirty years, and of the village eleven years, and the president of this body six years, having been four times elected thereto.

"For very many years, and perhaps specially since he became a resident of the village, he led an active business life.

"Previously to his presidency of this village, he served the people for a long term of years as justice of the peace and sheriff of the county.

"Both as a man of business and as an official he was always marked for zeal and activity in the performance of all duties imposed upon him. As a citizen he was always liberal and public spirited; as a man of affairs successful and honest.

"There are few in the community better known to all composing it, and whose presence will be more missed and regretted.

"We feel it to be an especial manner on our part, to put upon record our admiration of the many good qualities of the departed, and our regret, sorrow and deep sense of loss, at his departure from this life; and we tender to his wife and family this expression of our feelings, and order that an engrossed copy of the same be presented to Mrs. Healy."

Resolutions of respect were also adopted by Portage Lodge, No. 126, Ancient Order of United Workmen, and by other bodies, both Irish and American, with which Mr. Healy was affiliated.

Mr. Healy was born in the neighborhood of Detroit, Mich., of Irish parents, on April 19 1845, and removed with his relatives to Hancock in 1861. He followed various pursuits, but developed, at an early period, great talent for public affairs, and was speedily elected to an important office. In the year 1880 he received the Democratic nomination for the office of sheriff and was elected by a handsome majority. He was renominated in 1882 and was so popular with the Republicans, as well as the men of his own party, that he was indorsed by the former and was, of course, overwhelmingly re-elected. On the expiration of his term of office he engaged in the lumbering business and met with proverbial success. He received an injury about a year ago, while superintending some work at his camps, which eventually caused his death. A friend, writing to THE CITIZEN, says of him, "Few men on this peninsula will or can take his place in the estimation of the people. Ever good, kind and generous he had a faculty of pleasing. His chief desire in life seemed to be to make others happy. A prominent fellow townsman said, when the news of his death reached him, 'It is a calamity which we can hardly estimate.' Strange as it may appear, his friendship was quite as much sought after and appreciated by people of other previous nationalities as by his own. The English, or Cornish, miners employed in this neighborhood were among his warmest supporters, although he was always a most uncompromising advocate of the right of Ireland to independence. Although very mild in manner, both in private and public, he favored any means of war or peace that would make Ireland free. His death occurred at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 9th inst. He was heroic to the last. When he realized the fewness of the hours left him in this world, he summoned his lawyers and calmly made his will. This done, he sent for his pastor, the Rev. Father Aifield, and received the last solemn rites of the Catholic church. When they had been administered, the moment of dissolution rapidly approached. He felt the hand of death upon him and took an affecting farewell of his wife and little ones. He asked the children to be always loyal and good to their afflicted mother. Having uttered this last request, he lay back and died without a struggle or a sign of pain. Of 'Jim' Healy, as he was affectionately called, it may be truly said that 'none knew him but to love him.' He was buried in the Catholic cemetery, after services at the parish church, on the 11th inst. The population of Houghton, Hancock and the surrounding country, turned out en masse to pay a last tribute of respect to the man they had loved and honored for so many years."

In addition, the editor of THE CITIZEN will say that during his visit to the upper peninsula in 1883 Sheriff Healy treated him with the utmost kindness and hospitality. He was the very soul of good nature, and of public, as well as private, honor. THE CITIZEN sincerely mourns Mr. Healy who was ever its steadfast friend, and unites in sympathy with the myriad friends who are bereaved by his untimely death. *Requiescat in pace.*

MR CHARLES F CODY.

Mr. Charles F Cody, one of the best known of Chicago Irish-Americans, died at his home, No. 150 East Eighteenth street, on Thursday of last week after an illness of three months' duration. Mr. Cody settled in Chicago many years ago, and a prominent merchant tailor. He was distinguished by intense patriotism and manly integrity. He was ever foremost in all movements looking to the freedom of his native land. His death is universally lamented. The funeral occurred from the residence to St John's church on Sunday, and, notwithstanding the terrible weather, was very largely attended. After the celebration of high mass of requiem, the remains were conveyed by carriages to Calvary cemetery, where they were laid to rest. Mr. Cody was 54 years old at the time of his death. He leaves a widow and four grown up children—two sons and two daughters. May he rest in peace.

MR PHILIP RYAN, COLUMBUS O.

Mr. Philip Ryan, of Columbus, O., a resident of that city or the vicinity thereof, for more than forty years, died of a complication of diseases at his home, No. 262 North Fifth street, on Nov. 5, in the 72d year of his age. Mr. Ryan was born in Graigue, county Kilkenny, Ireland, in 1819, and came to America with his wife and young family in the prime of manhood. Immediately on arriving in the new world, he made his way westward and settled on a farm in the beautiful State of Ohio. As his children grew up, the desire to give them the facilities of a superior education caused him to move into the city of Columbus, where he engaged in business and was eminently successful. Mr. Ryan was always a high spirited man, and took a deep interest in the political affairs of both America and Ireland. His voice was ever raised on the side of liberty and justice. His devoted wife died about ten years ago, and he was consoled in his dying hours by the hope of joining her in paradise. He was always a devout member of the Catholic church, but was free from any tinge of bigotry or intolerance. He died in the fullness of his years, fortified by all the consolations of the religion in which he was so ardent a believer. The funeral occurred on Nov 7, and was attended by a vast concourse of citizens of Columbus of all creeds and classes. Requiem high mass was celebrated in St. Patrick's church, the Rev. Father McManus, a personal friend of the deceased, being the celebrant, assisted by the Rev. Father Logan and other clergymen. The chief mourners were M. Ryan's sons, Mr. Philip Ryan, Jr., of Chicago, Mr. James Ryan, of Columbus, and his daughter, Mrs. Garret Doyle of the same city. The pall bearers were: Messrs John Murphy, Thomas Bergin, John Allen, William Fleury, John Commerford and Patrick Doyle. THE CITIZEN extends to the family of Mr. Ryan its sympathy. Seldom has an aged citizen passed away to his reward more universally regretted by those who knew the warmth of his heart and the integrity of his life.

JUSTICE WHELAN, OF BUFFALO.

The Buffalo *Express* of Nov. 8 says: "Ex-Justice James Whelan, who died suddenly at a polling place on Tuesday last just after casting his ballot, was highly esteemed in Buffalo, where he had lived since his graduation from Notre Dame University at South Bend, Ind., in 1851. His naturally bright mind was highly cultivated by varied reading and much meditation; while his long contact with the world gave him a keen insight into the knowledge of men. He was in his 60th year. He had filled at various times positions of trust and influence; and always with honor to himself as well as to the entire satisfaction of his fellow citizens. The last public position which he held was United States consul at Fort Erie, to which office he was appointed by President Cleveland." Justice Whelan was at one time one of the leading members of the Fenian Brotherhood, and took a prominent part in the Canadian raid of 1866.

"Parnell Aboo" Club.

About 150 members of the Parnell Aboo Pleasure Club met last Monday night at the Hibernian Rifles' Armory, for the purpose of completing arrangements for their grand entertainment and ball, to be held in Cline's hall, corner of Wells and Huron streets, on Thanksgiving Eve. Letters were read from many prominent Irish-Americans promising co-operation with the members in their efforts to stimulate a love for Irish music and Irish merriment. Supper will be served by Kinsley.

HYMENEAL.

DOYLE-DOHERTY.

Mr. John Doyle and Miss Maggie Doherty were united in marriage at St James' church, the Rev. Father Hugh McGuire officiating, last Wednesday evening. The nuptials were largely attended by the friends of the young couple. Both bride and groom are well known and highly esteemed in Irish-American circles. Mr. Doyle has been prominent in the Irish National movement for many years, and has the confidence and affection of a large circle of his countrymen. His wife is a lady of great personal attractions, and is a general favorite. After a brief wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Doyle will be at home to their friends at their South Side residence.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

MEDITATION BESIDE A GRAVE

An Irish Scholar and Poet's View of the Present State of Ireland.

Parnell's Virtues, Faults, and Misfortunes Sketched With Trenchant Pen.

BY FIONN MAC CUMHALL.

[The following very remarkable communication is from the pen of a well known Gaelic scholar, who only began to study the ancient language and literature of Ireland some five or six years ago. He is not only a *seanad*, but a poet and a patriot as well. THE CITIZEN does not agree with all his ideas, but gladly gives him space:]

PART III.

"Innis sgeul anois, a bhean an tighe, ar an t-oglach. Impeosad ar sí. Ba fhior an sgeul sin, agus ba bhruite sceathramha na muice dhe sin."—FAGHAIL CRAOIBHE CHORMAIC.

In an ancient and famous territory near the western sea of Eireann there dwelt two young men, Paidhid and Alastair. One Saturday night they would go a fishing with net, creel and fishing pole. They traversed gort, carrig, shrah, muin and druim till they came to the great Bothar an Bhreitheamhain, "the judge's road,"—so called because it was the road by which the first English circuit judges went to Connacht. They walked along the road westward for about half a mile, to a cross road. Hardly had they arrived at that point, when a large crowd of people carrying torches came up with them. The procession was evidently a funeral, for they carried a coffin. They were walking and talking at a rapid rate, but although the fishermen knew every one for miles around, they had never seen a face in the party. They heard names mentioned, but they were as strange to them as the faces. In the twinkling of an eye the lights went out, on which the young men jumped over the road ditches into the adjacent meadow, as they thought, but as they miscalculated the breadth of the ditch and gripe, they landed in a muddy drain, that ran into the river. The funeral cortege marched rapidly away, but a long peal of mocking laughter greeted their mishap.

They dried their clothes as well as they could, and set the net and creel which Alastair held, while Paidhid used the pole to beat the fish into it. The pull was so heavy that he was obliged to call for his comrade's help. They landed the cargo, expecting the full of their sack, but on looking there was found the carcass of a well grown ass foal. "We would have cursed and swore," said Paidhid, who told me the story, "only for fraid of the *daoine maithe*." They repaired the net, and set it lower down for another haul. This time they landed an old iron pot full of broken crockeryware, which tore the net almost to pieces. "Alic was in a rage," said the narrator, "and almost broke the Sabbath with an oath." I asked him in fun what would he give for a good haul. "Dar m'anam a bhuachaill," said he, "I'd give my life and a bad sixpence." He pulled the bad sixpence out of his pocket to show me, but before I could fix my eyes on it to make sure it was not a buckskin breeches button, it dropped into the stream. He let down the net where the coin fell—we were then still further down stream. I went up a few yards and beat the pool—I was indifferent about what should happen, and almost wished it would be another disappointment. But it was not. This time it took us two to land the catch—a catch I was in earnest dar mo lamh! The net was full of the finest fishes you ever laid eyes on. We put the big ones in the sack, threw the small fry back into the river, and started home. We were tired and hungry, and had the hill against us, so that with the load of fish and tackle, the people were going to early mass when we were on the top of Muinin Liath hill. When we arrived at the house of poor Alastir's mother, he laid down the sack of fish and sighed, "They have killed me—they were as heavy and cold as stone." I got some cooked, but he would not eat anything. He went to bed, and on that day week I stood beside his dead remains. A terrible fever killed him in a few days.

"He died," said the old man, "in his youth and innocence, and I lived to tell the story, to suffer what was worse than twenty deaths."

Such was the story of the fishers, and such has been the story of the Irish struggle for freedom. We have made two casts. One with the net of the prelates and one with the creel of the parliamentarians. We have taken but dead carcasses and broken rubbish—now let us give another brave throw and pledge our luck and our lives on the event. If the fishers had followed the old custom of the country—gone a few steps with the funeral, they would have enjoyed fairy fortune from the first to the last. They were negligent and fearful, and paid the penalty.

Let the Young Ireland Society come forward now, and give a helping hand at the third cast of the net. The dead bodies and broken chamberware have a bad smell that can no longer be kept from offending the public nose. Come on then, ye young poets, musicians, artists, soldiers, lovers and dreamers; let us try for one haul of living fish. When Fionn Mac Cumhall of old was roasting the salmon of knowledge, he burned his fingers, which made him put them in his mouth and so become the seer of his time and race. We may become Fionns in the same way, if we have the courage to try. The day had come for a new Fionn Mac Cumhall—and as no other offers, I accept the name and office, and hereby appoint the following as the chiefs of the Fianna Eireann for the five provinces: Douglas Hyde for Connacht, W. B. Yeats for Leinster, Eoghan O'Growney for Meath, John O'Leary for Munster, and J. C. Ward for Ulster. To Alfred Nutt I assign the headship of the Fianna of Britain. If we be true to the great Fionn ideal of love for wisdom and beauty, we will be able to make our Rois Gheal Dubh a queen among the nations.

Go d-tí an t-amhach má theighionn tu ag díol do stuic;
Má tí-ighir, ná fan deanach san oidhche amuich;
Biodh buitaidh ar do dhoirse 's mór-ghlais eic,
No as beaghal duit an cletrechar an Rois Gheal Dubh.

Trust not the man of parliament, nor yet the clerk so sly,
When to the fair thou dost repair—thy stock to sell or buy.
Lest they might steal from thee and thy wares a bargain thou wouldst rue—
Make strong they lock 'gainst gown and frock, my Rois Gheal Dubh.

In Luck Certain.

After trying to sell books, pictures and wringers, and nearly every contrivance imaginable, I became discouraged and thought there was no chance for a poor man to earn a living. There was nothing to do on the farm, and I could not get a job in town, when I happened to see how a teacher made money selling platers and thought I would try my luck. I bought a $5 Lightning Plater from H. F. Delno & Co., Columbus, Ohio and from that day my luck seemed to change. I carried the plater from house to house and plated knives, forks and spoons, right before the folks, and it is surprising how many want their things plated. I made $3.70 the first day, and in one week $28. I can plate with nickel, silver and gold. The work is fine, my customers are pleased and I am happy. I hope some other fellow, who is down on his luck, will see this and do as I have done and get up in the world.

WILLIAM EVANS.

How to save money is a problem that interests everybody. One way to do it is to invigorate the system with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Being a highly concentrated blood medicine, it is the most powerful and economical. It is sold for a dollar a bottle, but worth five.

To restore, thicken, and give you a luxuriant growth of hair, to keep its color natural as in youth, and to remove dandruff, use only Hall's Hair Renewer.

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Toledo, O.

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PENSION CLAIMS.

The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, is ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him. Owing to the passage of liberal laws by the last congress, the perfecting of pension claims has been much simplified, all soldiers, their widows or other dependents, who can prove an honest claim against the government are reasonably certain of having such claims allowed. This office, in addition to attending to regular pension claims, is also prepared to open, under the new laws, old cases rejected because of insufficient evidence, and to thoroughly sift cases of technical desertion, owing to errors in muster out, etc., by which deserving men are often deprived of their just dues.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

U. S. Pension and Claim Agent,

69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO

DAVID SULLIVAN ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF MARTIN MARTIN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Martin Martin, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1892, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 11, 1891.
NELLIE B MARTIN,
Administratrix with the will annexed.
David Sullivan, Attorney

ESTATE OF ANDREW SILBER, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Andrew Silber, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January A. D. 1892, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 11, 1891.
JOHN C. BLOCK, Executor.
David Sullivan Attorney.

ESTATE OF VACLAV STAUBER, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Vaclav Stauber, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1892, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 11, 1891.
MARY STAUBER, Executrix.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

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A Magnificent Stock.
A Big Bargain Sale.

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To make our Opening interesting we have made a Great Reduction in Prices on the Best and Most Attractive Articles in this vast display, and are now offering

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in splendid stock. Body Brussels from 75c per yard Tapestry, 45c; Moquettes, 85c; Velvet, 75c; Axminster, $1.40; Fur Rugs, $2.50; Full mounted Skin Rugs—Grizzly and Black Bear, Wolf, Red Fox, etc., $17.50 to $100.

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INNOCENCE.

In bonn[illegible] the sea
Upon a [illegible]
A little lass [illegible]
Alone [illegible]

And for [illegible] life
Thus [illegible]
Gazed on [illegible] her home
In yonder [illegible]

With [illegible] happy song
She [illegible] the town,
And [illegible] turnpike gate
Long [illegible] went down.

She gently [illegible] upon the gate,
Afraid to [illegible],
And waited [illegible] without
For [illegible].

And when [illegible] old gateman came,
[illegible]
She [illegible] me, sir,
[illegible]

"[illegible] lass,"
[illegible]
"[illegible]," she said,
"[illegible]
—Chicago Herald in Washington Star.

A STROKE OF LIGHTNING.

"Welcome, stranger. Can you take pot luck with us? Hi, Jim, bring another plate for the gentleman. Just picket your hoss, sir, and make yourself at home. This is Cap'n Wilson; his brother Dan; my name is Holt. The boys generally calls me 'Guvner,' 'cause the governor of this state is named Holt too—no relation to me though. Elliott, Victor Elliott, did you say the name was? Glad to see you. This venison is good; pitch in and help yourself; we've just got through."

Such was the greeting received one autumnal evening back in the Seventies by a lone horseman who rode up to the camp of an engineering party of the Rio Grande railway in Colorado. As the stranger sat eating his supper, thoroughly at ease with the men he had never even heard of an hour before, the others watched him curiously, wondering who he might be, and his destination—where it could be.

Fine looking fellow he was, too, about thirty-five years old, with a well knit figure, piercing black eyes, hair the same color, curly as a child's, strong white teeth that gleamed through his mustache, and a lazy, good natured, gentlemanly air that made friends for him so easily. His hands especially attracted their attention. They were as white, the nails as neatly trimmed, as a woman's. He ate on, unconscious of their glances, until his appetite was appeased, then stretched himself face downward on the ground watching the fire and talking with the others.

Said he: "See my mare over there? Isn't she a beauty? She came from New Mexico. I was down there at a round up several years ago. Must have been 800 head of horses at the corrals. As I stood idly watching the work I saw a horse vault into the air, clearing an eight foot fence at a bound, and was off like the wind. Far out on the prairie the vaqueros captured her and brought her in. This is the mare. She was too neat and pretty to be branded, and I bought her for $100 in gold. She ought to be tired, for I've ridden her hard today."

As he finished speaking he gave a low, peculiar whistle and the mare whinnied in return, a perfect picture as she stood with mane and tail flying in the breezes, outlined against the foothills.

Soon all the men were wrapped in their blankets, feet to the fire, and fast asleep—all but one. That one was Elliott. The glowing embers, now and again emitting a crackle and spark as a bit of resin caught fire, pleased his fancy as he lay watching them, his thoughts miles away. He seemed again playing poker in the gambling hell in Bluffville with stacks of chips in front of him, and their musical clink rang in his ears.

"What great luck I did have in that jack pot, standing all the raises on a pair of jacks, but when I drew in two more in my three card draw against those pat hands, I felt easier. Guess I cleared five thousand on the afternoon game. Lucky for me I cashed in and went to supper. I was only in a few hundred when that row came up."

He felt of his belt. Yes, the money was safe, strapped around his waist under his shirt.

"I wonder if that fellow's dead yet. The contemptible cheat. Thought he could deal second card on us, did he? Well, it didn't work. Wonder who fired that shot. When the light went out I felt pretty squeamish. He spoke my name; I heard it plainly just as I went out the door, but I didn't stop; I didn't have time; too warm around those diggings just then. Wonder if those bullets went through the roof. It helped to increase the confusion, and I didn't want any sheriff's party in that room, not any. Awkward, my dropping that pistol. Wish I had it back again, for I've carried it so many years. Wonder if I'll find Mollie over at that railroad town. She was to have reached there yesterday, and I'm late, but I guess she'll wait. How sleepy I am! Dear old Moll"—And he slept the sleep that only outdoor exercise can give.

Early dawn found the party breakfasted, and Elliott, bidding his hosts goodby, started once more on the trail to that lonely mountain village where the railroad should bring his loved one to him.

Busy with their plans and the repair of their surveying instruments for the day's use, the engineering party did not notice the approach of a band of men whose sudden appearance startled them an hour later. There were seven of them, armed to the teeth with rifles, revolvers and bowie knives and laden only with the camp equipage of a short journey. The leader courteously inquired if they had seen a tall, dark man dressed in a corduroy suit. The description fitted Elliott so exactly that the newcomers soon elicited the desired information and started on up the valley, simply vouchsafing the information that the gentleman had gone on ahead of them and they wished to overtake him.

Riding at a slow, easy lope away from the camp where he had spent the night and been so hearty entertained, Elliott felt the exhilaration of the fresh mountain air and quickened his horse's pace to a gallop. The mare caught the bit in her teeth and away they went, faster and faster. Thus it was that the party riding over the same track, handicapped by having to watch for the imprint of the horse's hoofs as they went along, did not catch sight of Elliott until about midday. The trail, narrow in the foothills, led them to a more traveled road, which showed the marks of a wagon having traveled it. This road led them to a cabin, a log hut, the roof looking strange to the men accustomed to seeing shingle or board roofs. As the party came nearer to this deserted home of cowboys in other days they saw Elliott standing on an empty pork barrel, leaning up against the side of the house, his foot quietly grazing near at hand.

When near enough to recognize him the party quickened their pace, and laughed grimly when they saw him wave his hand at them. For his part he was wondering what had brought them to this out of the way place, but glad of the company on his way should it also prove theirs. When they came nearer he wondered what made them eye him so intently and kept them all so silent. At a given signal each man of the party covered him with a weapon, and the leader, acting as spokesman, commanded him to hold up his hands.

"What in hell has got into you fellows?" asked Elliott.

"Shut up," answered the leader. "Elliott, we're dead onto you, and we don't want any talk from you at all. Hank Green lived long enough night before last to tell who killed him, and you've got to swing for it. Come on, boys."

Elliott's protestations of his innocence were not even listened to. His weapons were taken from him, his hands tied behind him, and quicker than it takes to tell it one of the party had shinned up a tree which stood handily near and fastened a lasso to a limb. The empty pork barrel was rolled out under it, turned up on end, and Elliott was stood on it, while one of the men with no gentle hand knotted the rope about his neck, leaning over his saddle to complete the operation.

His captors gathered about him and he was commanded to speak out if he had anything to say. Only a slight push would have sent the barrel from beneath his feet. He could feel the cold sweat upon his brow, hear the beating of his heart. It sounded clear and distinct in his ears as he began his farewell speech to his merciless judges.

"Boys," said he, "you are dead wrong. I did not kill Hank Green. That revolver you have there was mine, and I did fire those empty chambers, but at no man. I fired them in the air to make the confusion greater after the row to give us all a chance to escape before the sheriff or any other outsiders would dare to come in upon us. I swear that I did not kill that man and I do not know who killed him."

A burst of hoarse laughter was his only response.

"As God is my judge, men, I am innocent. Do you think I would lie about it, standing here on the brink of eternity? If justice will not free me, will money? I have plenty of it here with me now. What do you say?"

"Push the barrel, Bill," cried one of his persecutors. "Line him out. We'll take the money home to Hank Green's woman; that's what we'll do."

The old man who acted as leader had been quietly watching the condemned man's face. A conviction that somehow or other Hank was mistaken forced itself upon him.

"Pardners," said he, "there may be something in this man's proposition after all. We followed him here to hang him, but d—n me if I don't believe we have treed the wrong toad. I never heard of this man's doing anything that wan't square. Did any of you?"

"Hang him anyway," spoke up one of the men.

"No, that's not right, boys. Where is that money, Elliott?"

Taking off the belt as directed, he led the way to one side to try and save his life. It was no use to talk to the party however. The best he could do was done. Elliott saw the men mount their horses, and hope rose within his breast as he saw them untie his mare, and bringing her with them ride slowly to his side.

"Elliott," said the leader, "there are seven of us. Four think you ought to die, three do not. We have decided to take your valuables and your horse back to Hank's widow and leave you here, just as you are, alive. There ain't much prospect of your getting away, but we won't murder you and we won't set you free. You swore to God you were innocent. Let your God see to it you are freed or have mercy on your soul. Come on, boys, our job is finished."

With that he rode away, the others following him, and none of them looked back as they returned over the way they had come. Off in the distance the men noticed the mare throw up her head and listen a moment and then whinny. One of them setentiously remarked, "She must have heard that whistle, boys, but she'll never hear it again on earth."

"I've got my boots on to die in, anyway," said the man on the barrel, and he smiled grimly as he thought of the bravado of his boyish remark years before, that he "didn't want any lingering sickness and death in his." There wasn't a cowardly bone in his body. He really felt relieved when the men had gone, for he at least had his thoughts to himself as long as he lived. There was no one to jeer, no curious spectators around to worry him and he calmly awaited the end. He could feel the barrel oscillate beneath his feet, knew that there was but a few inches slack in the rope, and that a false movement and a slight change in equilibrium meant strangulation and death.

His card playing proclivities stood him in good stead. He was a good enough poker player to know that the game consisted pure and simple of relative calculation of percentages and opportunities. He who takes his money upon the turn or chances of cards soon learns one lesson—to patiently bide his time.

The last words of the leader of the party kept constantly recurring to him. It was with no religious sentiment that he thought of possible deliverance, but with the conviction that he deserved better than a death like this.

Seemingly in sympathy with his situation and his mood, the twilight hours now fast approaching brought warning of a storm. He noticed this with pleasure, for both hunger and thirst had asserted themselves. He awaited the soft, cooling rain which he saw approaching up over the mountains with a feeling of relief. The leaves had fallen off the tree, winter was so near at hand, and he turned his face to the sky to catch the fast falling drops upon his face and tongue. The moisture refreshed him, and he felt his courage revive and hope once more spring up within his breast. The long roll of distant thunder and the vivid bursts of lightning did not even awe him. It seemed like a great battle, and he pictured himself in the thick of the fight. If he only had that chance! How welcome it would be, and how happily he could await the bullet that would send him into the great unknown, and the news be flashed home by the wires, "Victor Elliott died a hero's death at his post on the field of battle."

The center of the storm approached nearer. The gusts of wind blew more frequently and the rain poured down upon him until he was wet to the skin. Without warning, there came a short, quick flash—he saw a blaze of light about him and all was changed. He seemed falling, falling into endless space, and then, mounting upward, he rode on the wings of light. Impatiently he seemed blinking his eyes, so that he might see more plainly this wondrous, beautiful scene. Sparks of fire seemed to obliterate his sight and burn into his brain. He tried to speak, to cry aloud. His heart seemed bursting with an ecstatic joy, but he could not make a sound. Then all was a blank.

After a long, long time he seemed to feel the chill that comes over one when the bed clothing is not warm enough in the night. He thought that was what ailed him, and started to reach down his hand and put it up over him. The movement brought consciousness. How was this? Where was he? His mind recalled the events of the day and the evening storm. How could this be? Here he was sitting upright on the wet ground, his hands tied behind him, aching in every limb. Assuredly still in the land of the living. He looked up over his head.

It was not a delusion; it was reality. The rope was still about his neck, and there by his side on the ground, with the other end tied to it, was the limb of a tree. The blaze of light that had seemed so near him a few minutes before was in reality a flash of lightning occurring hours ago, for it was now broad daylight. It had struck that identical tree and freed him. There it stood splintered and broken.

He heard a familiar sound near at hand. Could he believe his eyes? There was his mare contentedly grazing near by. He whistled to her and she came trotting to him, dragging at the end of a lariat the iron picket to which her captors had tied her the night before. It was too much for his feelings, and he broke down and cried like a child when he felt her soft nose on his face expecting the caress he usually gave her. Heaven had not only vindicated his innocence, but had returned his useful pet to him in his great need of her.

Benumbed and sore, it took him nearly an hour to free himself from the cruel ropes, but at last succeeding, he found his oil skin bag over near the adobe house and ate heartily. The spring quenched his thirst, and he felt like a man born anew.

It was with a heart full of happiness and gratitude to Almighty God for his miraculous escape that he mounted the horse and continued the journey which had proved so full of incident to him. "I'll be a better husband to Mollie than before, bless her heart, for coming out here to be with me, expecting to give up the comforts of city life," said he, as he rode along the way that was rapidly bringing him to her. "Those drafts that I sent to the bank in Denver last week will come in handy now. We will go over the range to 'Frisco, and start life over again. Some day I'll come back here and find out who did kill Hank Green. His wife has that dust. She is welcome to the use of it. Maybe it's just as well to get away from that life after all," and he rode on content.

A wagon train sent over to the railroad town from Bluffville the next week brought back the news of Elliott's escape, of his meeting with his wife and their departure to a place unknown. The rough mining camp had too much else to attend to to think long over the strange events of the week gone by. Some years afterward it was recalled to them in an unexpected manner. Victor Elliott had come back. His means and position acquired in his new home protected him from rough treatment, especially so when the townspeople learned that he was going over incident after incident, questioning man after man about the shooting of Hank Green, and that he had made the widow a present of the money taken from him by force.

His search was in vain. Nothing could be found out about who fired the shot. At his own request he was tried by a jury, all the evidence weighed, and he was acquitted of the charge of murder.

In a beautiful home in San Francisco there is a curious memento hanging in the owner's library. It is a part of a branch of a tree, holding a saddle, bridle and lariat. Its history is seldom told—you know it and so do I.—Warren Chase in St. Paul Pioneer Press.

They Eat Baked Moss.

Along the Columbia river a kind of bread is made from a moss that grows on the spruce fir tree. This moss is prepared by placing it in heaps, sprinkling it with water and permitting it to ferment. Then it is rolled into balls as big as a man's head, and these are baked in pits.—Washington Star.

ROYAL BURIAL IN INDIA.

SOLEMN FUNERAL OBSEQUIES OF A MOHAMMEDAN RAJAH.

Ceremonies Attending the Death of an Indian Chief—An Imposing Procession to the Grave of a Ruler in Hindostan. An Event That Interests Crowds.

From an early hour crowds of Malays, Arabs, Javanese and other Mohammedan races had gathered in the grounds of the house lately built for the descendant of the Singapore royal line at Kampong Glam. Before 4 o'clock the large rooms of the house were filled with white turbaned sheiks and Malays seated in long lines on the mats and murmuring in low toned unison prayers for the dead. Within the house could be heard the splashing of water, where the corpse was undergoing ceremonial purifications previous to burial. Outside stood the bier, an enormous structure some twenty feet by twelve, made of lashed rollers and roofed in with yellow cloth, cut into a fantastic fringe at the edges.

Really it was a bier within a funeral carriage, for the center was screened off to contain the coffin, a space being left all around for relatives of the deceased Tungku to stand and scatter golden rice over the crowd. In one corner of the ground the coffin was having its finishing touches. This was a massive box of 2-inch thick planks, dovetailed at the corners and stayed across the top. It was in itself a great weight and took a dozen men to carry it. The tone of the crowd in the ground was quiet and subdued, but by no means sad or despondent.

Behind the coffin itself, for instance, was a group of retainers quietly taking a meal. Swarms of Malay boys were running about the ground, and the men, some nicely dressed, many in their ordinary clothing, chatted about their dead chief. A little distance from the bier stood the gravestones of granite, also swathed in royal yellow and lashed to a stage for convenience of carriage.

THE COFFIN.

The coffin, clean wood though it was, was carried away and also washed, being then placed in the porch of the house and half filled with clean white sea sand to await the body. A posse of Malay policemen arrived to keep order, and other police officials appeared. In front of the house a row of sixteen umbrellas, eight white and eight yellow, was formed, and from many windows peeped the women of the household. A lelah or cannon in the inclosure of the mosque had been firing at frequent intervals, being tended by a gigantic negro. Meanwhile the occupants of the house remained nearly silent, interest being centered in a group of katips (priests) and Kalthis, who were seated in front of a curtain of striped satin, behind which the body was being prepared for the grave.

It was considerably after 5 o'clock when a movement among those seated in the house indicated that the time had come when the body would be put in the coffin. Amid a considerable amount of confusion and a perfect babel of excited cries, all that remained of Tungku Allum was carried down stairs, wrapped in yellow cloth and infolded in a red edged mat. Borne on the shoulders of six priests the coffin was reached and the body deposited in it, H. H., the Sultan of Johore, reverently kissing it when the wraps were removed. The bystanders seemed perfectly frantic to get a look at the corpse ere it was placed on its bed of sand in the coffin.

AT THE GRAVE.

Then, in response to cries, a deathlike silence ensued, and an Imam, in a clear, musical voice, chanted some verses in Arabic, the bystanders responding in a deep toned murmur. Then the heavy lid was put up, and with difficulty (the sand making it exceedingly heavy) the coffin was put upon the bier or kranda. Round about it placed themselves young Malays with salvers, whence they threw among the crowd yellow rice, spices, money and scents.

First marched a number of boys beating censers or cups, some with spices, many with incense. Next were about thirty women in two lines, each with an enormous yellow candle and a slip of yellow cloth tied round their necks. Then came the kranda, borne by a great number of men escorted by the umbrellas and followed by the gravestones and the immense concourse of people.

The distance to the mosque, about 300 yards, was laid with yellow cloth. The grave was in a small structure adjoining the mosque and abutting on the road. On reaching there the coffin was lifted from the bier. This was apparently the signal for the destruction of the latter. In ten seconds it was surrounded by an excited crowd who snatched at any part of it to secure a relic of what they believe had been sanctified by contact with the remains of their chief. Not a shred of the precious yellow cloth was left on it and even the wood of the structure was taken.

With much difficulty the coffin was then lowered into the grave and close upon dusk the ceremony which marked the close of the "reign" of another rajah was concluded.—Singapore Free Press.

Old and Young.

There is no surer antidote for the effect which time has over us all, in making our age evident, than a young heart.

"I should like to live to be as old as you are, grandmamma," said little Helen, "but I don't want to be as old as Aunt Susan, ever!"

"Why, why," said grandmamma, looking over her spectacles, "what do you mean, my dear child? Your Aunt Susan is a great many years younger than I am!"

"I don't see how that can be," said Helen, much perplexed. "You always remember the plays you had when you were a little girl; but when I asked Aunt Susan one day, she said, 'For pity's sake, child, you don't expect me to remember any of the games I had as a little girl. It's so long ago I've forgotten whether I ever played any!'"—Youth's Companion.

"Grave Telling" in China.

The queerest industry in the ghostly line in China is "grave telling," writes William E. S. Fales, the Chinese expert, now in the orient. When the average Mongolian reaches manhood's estate one of his first ambitions is to have a nice and comfortable grave. The moment he has the requisite cash, he consults one or more "grave tellers." These are old scholars, whose scholarship has not been appreciated by the public at large, or who have fallen from grace by gambling, opium smoking or other vices, and who earn a precarious living from astrology, clairvoyance and similar "supernatural" sciences. The philosopher, after receiving a fee whose amount is proportional to the wealth of his client, consults his mystic books, draws an incomprehensible diagram with points and straight lines, and announces the day on which it will be fundsney (good luck) to visit certain cemeteries and burial sites.

The day arrived the parties are on hand, no matter what tricks the weather may play. I have seen them in a rocky pass where the thermometer was 125 degs., and in a marsh knee deep in mud when the rain was an ice cold deluge. They come dressed in their best clothes, newly washed and shaven. The grave tellers are equipped with books, diagrams, paper and a forked rod, strangely resembling the divining rod with which our ancestors sought springs and veins of ore. The search begins with prayer, and then comes a weary walk and talk, sometimes lasting hours. The site is finally picked out.

Often two or three sites are selected, so that in case the use of one is prevented by unforeseen circumstances another one will be ready. The client arranges with the owner of the land and the authorities, and is then prepared to die in peace. The practice is universal and as old as Chinese civilization. Its influence upon the people is something tremendous.

How to Get Employment on a Newspaper.

It is safe to say that half a hundred men and women a day make a tour of the New York newspaper offices trying to find employment. A good many of these are beginners, who have not the slightest idea of what newspaper work is. They think it quite easy to write, and are ready enough to do what they are told if employed. It is a weary march up and down stairs, with always the same answer, "Nothing to do." The amateur becomes discouraged, and goes away heartsick and weary of the effort.

"But what shall I do," once said a young man to Joseph Pulitzer, after telling the editor of The World how well he could write and how faithful he would be.

Mr. Pulitzer's answer always struck me as a good one.

"I do not need writers," he said; "writers are plentiful enough. They can be found anywhere. What I need are young men of originality, and ideas that will boom the circulation of my paper—young men of progress, who can see ahead and who can make their own positions by doing better work than any one else in their line. A good idea is better than a letter of introduction. Do not go into a newspaper office empty handed. Unless you have something good to sell keep away. Try to get up some original, unique ideas that will create a stir in the paper. That is the only way to succeed nowadays."—Foster Coates in New York Mail and Express.

Protection Against Furnace Heat.

The protection of workmen from furnace heat, as practiced at the Menden and Schwerte iron works, in Westphalia, is said to be by means of a rectangular iron screen hung from an overhead rail, which can be made to cover the whole working side of the furnace, or can be pushed aside when not required or when it interferes with the work going on. The lower end is bent into a gutter, having a slight fall in the direction of its length, and the upper edge is provided on the inside, that nearest the furnace, with a pipe bored through with small holes about three-quarters of an inch apart, which is in connection with the service pipe supplying water for cooling the sides of the bed.

When in use, the inside of the place is kept constantly wet from the supply pipe, the small jets trickling down to the cooling bosh at the side; a notch at the bottom is left for the passage of the rabble, and a short inclined plate is provided for the cinders to run over; with these exceptions the whole surface is screened by the water cooled plate. It is said that this arrangement, which was first applied experimentally to a few furnaces, has worked so satisfactorily that it has been fitted to all the puddling furnaces in the works named, the operatives being thus enabled to work full time even in the hottest weather.—New York Telegram.

Couldn't Pass the Note.

Mr. Casilear told how he happened to be in New York at one time during the war looking out for a gang of counterfeiters. To avoid making his presence in the city conspicuous he put up at a second rate hotel, where he was unknown. For some purpose he handed to the clerk at the desk a brand new fifty cent note. It was an issue just out, with General Spinner's portrait on it, the likeness having been substituted for a picture of Justice with her scales, which the forgers had imitated very successfully.

The clerk looked at the note with evident suspicion, and handed it back.

"I never saw anything like that before," he said.

"It is good, I assure you," replied Mr. Casilear.

"I don't believe it," said the clerk.

"Very well," rejoined Mr. Casilear. "It doesn't matter, though I know it is good, because I made it myself."

The clerk smiled sardonically.

"That is just what occurred to me," he said; "therefore I refused to accept it."

Mr. Casilear felt that the joke was on himself, so he treated himself to a bottle of soda water at the bar and left for Washington that evening.—New York Sun.

MILITARY TRAINING FOR ATHLETES.

Advantages of Discipline and Restriction in Muscular Development.

Americans take a special interest in athletics and all forms of outdoor exercise. In this they partake of a habit of most of the northern races. The Englishman indulges in rude sports in the field, and in his hunting will travel as far as India to have a brush with the tiger or lion in his native jungle. In Germany societies prevail everywhere for the purpose of physical training, and the German is fond of dashing into the forests to hunt the wild boar. The favorite diversion of the Americans in the west has been the hunting of the buffalo and grizzly bear. The excitement of such sports amply compensates for their danger. "It doth more stir the blood to rouse a lion than to start a hare."

The case is very different in most southern countries. In southern Europe the sports consist principally in hunting small game, involving no very great physical exercise. The favorite amusement is billiards or cards, which can be played within doors without exertion or exposure to the elements. Americans being among the most prominent people in pursuit of athletics and conspicuous in their disposition to indulge in manly sports, it is always an interesting question as to what training it is best to pursue in that direction. For youngsters the hoop, the top, marbles and tag answer every purpose. While young men are in college football and baseball furnish ample means of physical exercise.

At West Point and Annapolis military and naval drills, swimming and occasional outdoor games insure the perfection of physical training, and send the graduates of those institutions out into the world with muscles of iron and constitutions fitted for almost any strain. But after the college days the training ceases, a reaction sets in, and a breaking down in health is often the consequence. Gymnasiums, bicycles and long tramps may serve a good purpose for a time, but these are soon given up, as there is little incentive for exercising unless the exercise be systematic, part of some well organized plan and stimulated by association with one's fellows.

In casting about we find no better physical advantages to be gained than those derived from the military exercises which young men undergo in the militia services. Camping out in summer in well selected camps gives them an outdoor life which is a much needed change from the indoor life led throughout the long winters, during which so much vitiated air is breathed in crowded places of business and ill ventilated sleeping apartments. Marching is the most rational exercise for the legs; the manual of arms always insures healthy chests and well developed arms, and moving at the double quick improves the breathing power of the lungs.

Unlike the athletics in college there is no overtraining, which so often injures the subjects by excess, and no breaking down after the training has ceased. The marching and drilling under competent instructors improve the gait of the recruit, and give him a firmer, easier step and a more graceful carriage.

Military service has many advantages mentally. It cultivates intelligence among young men and does much toward improving the memory and curing absentmindedness. The necessity of being alert, listening for each word of command and acting promptly upon it, quickens the wits and cultivates the habit of fixing the attention and concentrating the thoughts. Marching to the sound of music gives a young man a better idea of measure and rhythm, and is calculated to make him more methodical in all things. His entering upon the duties of a soldier leads him to study military history, which embodies the chief history of nations.

The hardest lesson to be learned in life is that of amenability to discipline. In a land like this, where there is very little restraint among young or old, where self abnegation is but little heard of, and where the race of life is pretty much a "go as you please," there is scarcely any school in which subordination and obedience are taught except in the military service.—General Horace Porter in Cosmopolitan.

Edison and His Visitors.

About Orange you can hear numberless stories of Edison. Everybody likes him. One man, who had for years been in his employ as an experimentalist, told of a visit a number of men—Jay Gould, Sidney Dillon, Cyrus Field and others—paid to Edison at the laboratory one day. Edison came out of his workroom, where he was busy, and shook hands with Mr. Field. At that instant something popped into his head apropos of the experiment he was at work on. He never gives an idea time to escape him. Without a word of excuse to the magnates, he turned on his heel and hurried into his den again. They waited and waited, and by and by, tired out with delay, wended their way down stairs. Shortly afterward Edison came out and asked:

"Where did those paupers go?"

"Down stairs."

"Did they walk?"

"Yes."

"That's right. I don't want 'em to wear the oil off my elevator."

Then he stood around and told stories to his men. He is a great man for stories, and it is a tradition among his employees that they can tell him the same story every day for a week and he will never tire of it, nor in fact show any sign of having heard it before.—Drake's Magazine.

Naval Officers' Clothes.

American naval officers are men of many clothes, and the official etiquette of dress aboard ship is appalling to a landsman. Every officer must have four or five styles of hats and caps, at least as many different kinds of coats, and even prescribed styles of neckties in considerable variety. The captain ordinarily prescribes the uniform of the day, but when a flagship is within signaling distance of another man-of-war, the admiral is the authority on clothes as on other things.—Yankee Blade.

His Marriage Started Him.

A few facts in relation to the early life of one of the greatest and wealthiest railroad magnates of the present age will be both interesting and instructive to young men who are about to start out in life to make a fortune and an honored name for themselves. When Collis P. Huntington arrived at manhood he had saved enough money to buy a horse and a peddler's wagon and bought a small stock of dress goods and fancy notions and used to travel through Connecticut. He would generally put up at night with some farmer and pay his bill in trade.

One night he put up with a farmer in Cornwall by the name of Stoddard, one of Cornwall's most respected citizens. His eldest daughter was a beautiful young lady, universally beloved by all of Cornwall's people. By nature she was very domestic in her habits and a good housekeeper and an excellent cook. In fact, she had every accomplishment necessary to make a man happy. She also possessed a clear business intellect. It did not take young Huntington long to discover these qualities in Miss Stoddard, and he captured the prize that many a young man had sought to win.

The story goes in Cornwall that Miss Stoddard's excellent biscuit made him fall in love with her. They were married very quietly, for, as they said, they had no money to spend foolishly.

It was not long after their marriage before he had a fine span of horses and a handsome peddler's wagon. By his marriage the foundation of his immense fortune was laid.

They moved to California, where Mr. Huntington went into partnership with Mr. Hopkins. A short time before Mrs. Huntington died she gave $1,000 toward the erection of a chapel in West Cornwall, and had she lived she would have honored her birthplace, where she and Mr. Huntington spent so many happy hours together, with something more substantial. She also intended to erect a handsome monument to the memory of her deceased parents. Her constitution was not robust, and her early trials and sacrifices to advance the interests of her beloved husband brought her to an early grave.—New Milford (Conn.) Gazette.

Surprised the Young Men.

In the throng on the beach at Cape May Sunday, the greatest since the opening of the season, as was to be expected, were many new faces, but the eyes of the males became fixed at an early period upon a new star of the first magnitude. That she was a beauty of the inner circle and no mistake was the unanimous decision of the few "Johnnies" there. Although her face and bare rounded arms were tanned that delicious brown only acquired by a season's sojourn, and although the short, red robe she wore had a strangely familiar appearance, not a soul knew her, and the chappies were in despair. "Mashing" is not permissible at Cape May, and, moreover, the most daring had not the courage to approach a girl whose proud lips, aquiline nose and cold, clear eyes indicated a vast amount of hauteur and reserve. So the big beauty bathed alone, and the sangfroid with which she met the rollers created a veritable sensation.

In the very height of the bathing period a half grown boy came along the beach, and, catching a glimpse of her, ran out as far as he dared and then, with the inconsideration of youth, shouted: "Mollie! Mollie! come here, quick! Four new boarders came down on the express besides Miss Stella, who'll give you fits for wearin her suit. Mrs. Jones says if you don't hurry home and help get dinner you'll get in trouble."—Baltimore News.

Art Better Than Money.

At a social gathering in Oakland a few evenings ago the belle was a young matron of the brunette type, who is also a singer of some local reputation, and prominent in the church of which she is a member. She was becomingly dressed in a gown of pale pink, trimmed with delicate filmy white lace. The effect was charming, and the costume and color were well suited to her complexion and style. A lady sitting near remarked to her companion: "I don't see how Mrs. —— can afford to keep up the style in which she dresses on her husband's income. You know he is only a clerk in a gentleman's furnishing store." When I was introduced to the lady discussed I was agreeably surprised to discover that the costly appearing dress she wore was only madelaine cloth, and the whole outfit in which she was attired had not cost more than five dollars at the outside. She had the happy faculty of making what she could afford to appear at the best advantage, and was accordingly misjudged.—San Francisco Letter.

Get an "Oudja."

The latest craze to strike Philadelphia is the wearing of the "Oudja," a pretty little Egyptian charm, supposed to ward off all forms of evil. The charm is thin, and is about an inch long and half an inch wide. A conspicuous figure is the eye of "Horus," which represents the sun, and a teardrop hanging pendant from the eye represents the river Nile. The little charm, which has been worn in England for a couple of years, has been indispensable to the superstitious Egyptians for many centuries.

A pretty story explains the Egyptian craze. A young officer in the English army sent one home to his bride, with an explanation of its origin. After a battle in the Soudan the young officer was reported dead, but the wife refused to believe it. Later on the official dispatches confirmed the death, but still the bride had faith in the little charm. Several months later the missing husband turned up alive and well, and the "Oudja" became a fad of great proportions.—Philadelphia Record.

For a Pretty Figure.

A new fashion that is only permissible to women whose figures are very slender is that which shows tiny velvet rosettes put where the buttons ought to be. While these are absolutely rosettes, still they are made of very narrow velvet ribbon and slightly flattened.—Ladies' Home Journal.

COSTIVENESS

If not relieved by judicious and timely treatment, is liable to result in chronic constipation. As an aperient that may be used with perfect safety and satisfaction, **Ayer's Pills** are unsurpassed. Unlike most cathartics, these pills, while they relax and cleanse, exert a tonic influence on the stomach, liver, and bowels, causing these organs to perform their functions with healthy regularity and comfort. Being purely vegetable and free from mineral drug of any kind, their use is not attended with injurious effects. Good for old and young of every climate, Ayer's Pills are everywhere the favorite. G. W. Bowman, 26 East Main street, Carlisle, Pa., says: "Having been subject, for years, to constipation, without being able to find much relief, I at last tried Ayer's Pills, and I deem it both a duty and a pleasure to testify that I have derived great benefit from their use. I would not willingly be without them."

Cured by

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

Every Dose Effective.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 7:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Gahan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2924 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 658 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. P. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dearborn sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2928 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and Wentworth place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2542 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomuch Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 206 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. Eagan, pastor. Residence 185 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. M. Neumann, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. J Corbett, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Carolina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 88 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Mc Gregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 43 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor. Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Burbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. J. Leutie, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 234 Cleveland av.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 15 Sibley st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev Felix Guedry, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 169 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2964 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev P. L. Biermann, pastor, Res 2964 Bonfield st.

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 883 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 821 N. Paulina street.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a.m 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev P. D. Gill, pastor Residence 78 Cypress st

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ILLINOIS CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS

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SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 435 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st. G R Bracken, F S; Dr G C Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 F 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas. Dr D BSullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry B Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Seventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 506 22d st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 168 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 2823 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J B McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeen st; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 832 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 362 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Buehlmann, F S; Geo Dentlauker, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuses, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 3013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2561 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Taliman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E S Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 93 Monawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P O Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond C Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st, Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas. Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 383 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schultz, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, F S; Joseph F Mosier, Fin. Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 8 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Coutrell, R S, 370 Lawrence st; J Keenagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 33 Gardner st; P Scmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Kringe, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Fingel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E B Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 331 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Transcht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger af and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Sullivan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter F Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill. 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J B Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—E J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

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St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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County Delegate, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, Frank T. Conroy.
County Financial Secretary, W. E. Graham 13 Currier st.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W. Erie.

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Div. 3—Ambrose Hde, Pres, Morton Park, Ill, James Carroll, V-P; Edward O Neill, Rec Sec 1066 Van Horn st; John Farrell, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m at Doherty's Hall. 446 W Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Sangamon-st, Pres. David Mulligan, V. P. Jas Duffy, Rec. Sec., 31 Wright-st, Peter F. Ratigan Fin. Sec; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2105 State st; William White, V. P., Michael C. Frell, Recording Sec., 447 Thirty-fifth st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second-st.

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Div. No. 7—M. J. Barret, Pres., 632 Van Buren-st.; Martin Walsh, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec. Sec., 2862 Deering-st; James E O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth st. the second Sunday each month at 7:30 p m.

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Div. No 9—P. O'Sullivan, Pres., 8 Chicago, Patrick Dever, V. P.; James O'Kelly, Rec Sec, 8 Chicago, Owen Ahern, Fin. Sec, T A Ahern Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Engeman's Hall, South Chicago.

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Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av., V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec Andrew Hickey, 1229 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meet first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

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Div. 29—Pres, J F Hopkins, Box 380, Pullman; V P. M J Sullivan; Rec Sec, James Kennedy, Kensington; Fin Sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 o m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div 31—Pres, John Dowling, 253 N Clark st; V P, Thomas Finney; rec sec J on Mulhearn, 40 Artesian av; fin sec, Michael Moore; treas, James C. King. Meets last Saturday of each month at 1086 W Lake st.

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FARWELL HALL, 148 MADISON-ST., MONDAY EVENING, NOV. 23.

PROGRAMME:

Opening Address by the Chairman, Mr. FRANK AGNEW. Octette, "America," Miss M. L. Duggan, Miss Conyers, Mr. John M. Wilson, Mrs Daly, Miss N. Cahill, Mr. E. J Quinlan, Mr. Halle and Mr. J. J. Phelan. Harp Solo, Fantasia of Irish Airs, Mme. LaRoche. Song, "O'Donnell Aboo," Mr. E. J. Quinlan. Address, Ex-Senator James W. Duncan. Solo, "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen," Miss N Cahill. Solo and Quartette, "Cruiskeen Lawn," Mr. John M. Wilson, Miss Conyers, Mrs. Daly and Mr. E. J. Quinlan. Recitation, "The Irish Drummer Boy," Miss Alice Higgins. Song, "The Harp that Once Thro' Tara's Halls," Miss M. L Duggan, with harp obligato by Mme. LaRoche. Address, Judge Marcus Kavanagh. Solo, selected, Mr. J J Phelan. Song, "Kathleen Mavourneen," Mrs. Burt Doloff. Octette, "Star Spangled Banner," Miss M. L. Duggan, Miss Conyers, Mr. John M. Wilson, Mrs Daly, Miss N. Cahill, Mr E. J. Quinlan, Mr Halle and Mr. J. J. Phelan. Solo, "Come Back to Erin," Mrs. Daly. Closing ode, "God Save Ireland," Hon. M. McInerny. The musical programme is under the direction of Mr. E. J. Quinlan.

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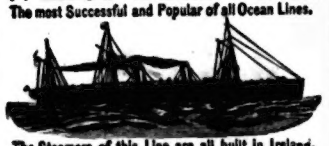

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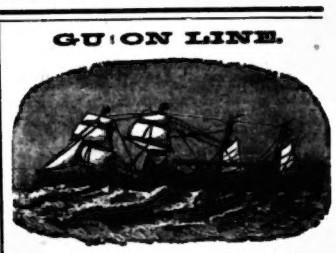

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